

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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"The Month" and John Henry Newman.

I. OUR BEGINNINGS. 1864—1865.

IN our last issue, on the completion of our hundredth volume, we took occasion to offer a brief sketch of the material changes which THE MONTH has undergone since its appearance in July, 1864, and of the character of the Magazine during its first year of existence, when it had not passed formally into the hands of its present conductors, nor was edited by a member of their body. At the same time we intimated our intention of following the subject somewhat further, and giving some account of the objects which those conductors had in view in undertaking such a work, and in particular of the signal assistance they received from Dr. Newman, as he then was, both in advice as to the line to be adopted, and in frank and friendly criticism of what was actually done, as well as by material co-operation which manifested his interest in the labours of its staff, and particularly of his friend Father Coleridge, the first Jesuit Editor.

So copious, indeed, is the information thus supplied as to THE MONTH in its earlier career, that Dr. Newman's letters may be left to tell our story for us, with the addition only of such notes and illustrations as seem to be required by the allusions which they contain. The other side of the correspondence, that addressed to Dr. Newman, is no longer available though its purport for the most part is easily understood from what he says in reply, and in some instances we have the assistance of notes upon the topics mentioned, made towards the close of his own life by Father Coleridge, to whom, with hardly an exception, the letters are addressed.

We have to thank Father William Neville, of the Birmingham Oratory, Cardinal Newman's literary executor, for permission to print documents the copyright of which is, and remains, his. Being most anxious, moreover, not to thrust our sickle into another's harvest, we shall carefully restrict ourselves to such

portions of the correspondence as specifically concern THE MONTH, omitting much of great and general interest, which as time went on furnished more and more the staple of communications addressed to one who was evidently regarded with both affection and confidence. Enough, however, remains to furnish a valuable contribution to the history of the writer, as showing how keen and wide, despite the seclusion in which he lived, was his interest in all that affected the Church and the religious life of the country, and with what care he matured and balanced all judgments which he ventured to pass upon men and things. It will also be seen how great was his anxiety to be perfectly fair to those who differed from him, from which category THE MONTH and its writers are not always excluded.

There is little more to be said by way of preface. The general idea which governed the project of starting a Monthly Magazine in the Catholic interest, was that such a publication was called for by the circumstances of the time. As the present writer heard it then put, the day was past when battles could be fought with heavy artillery discharged only four times a year. Something was required (though the phrase was not then invented) in the way of quick-firing guns. The appearance of the *Cornhill*, in 1860, under Thackeray's editorship, had begun a new era for monthly literature, and in the field so largely occupied by new magazines, championing a great variety of interests, it was desired that the Catholic body should not be wholly unrepresented. It was therefore resolved to make an attempt, and to commence a journal of the kind, which should deal with all questions interesting to Catholics,—politics alone excepted, these being in every form rigidly excluded. As to the precise mode in which this general object would best be served, there were of course uncertainties and doubts, as will be sufficiently understood from the correspondence to which we now pass. The first letters were written before there seems to have been a question of Father Coleridge actually becoming Editor, and the question discussed regarded only a Catholic Magazine, in which he and his brethren would take a special interest.

Amongst other points of interest, these letters show how far we have moved since the days when they were written, questions, particularly of history and exegesis, being now handled by Catholic writers everywhere with a boldness which, to such an observer, then appeared impossible.

The Oratory, Birmingham,

June 29 /64.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

The great difficulty I find in any project of a periodical, such as you imagine, (and projects are ever making) is to find an *object* likely to secure success. If it is to pay, if it is to have influence, it must have readers—Who are they to be? *Catholics* are not a reading set—but if they do read it, what do you want to do with them? To be their organ? If so, against whom? What chance have you of representing them better than the *Dublin* does, which has the prestige both of authority and of thirty years? Are *Protestants* to be your readers? Then you must not offend them. They will not read a work which aims at converting them. But if you don't, what is the good of their reading it? I am not certain that I am not over-fearful—but should like to be set right if I am, for this seems a real difficulty. Tell me what you aim at, and then, consider what chance you have of success in your attempting it.

Then on the other hand, recollect you are sure to have a strong muster of influential Catholics, whose one business it is, not to consider whether you have an aim, or what it is, or whether it is important, but to criticize what is done in and for itself, and that in the most effectual way they can—and recollect too (or at least this is what I think) that it is impossible to write anything really effective without the risk of mistakes, and that censorship will not destroy that risk, unless it is of such a formal and searching character as in one way or another to issue in compositions which have lost all their edge, even if their metal remains pure, and you will understand why I feel little disposed to encourage such projects.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory B^m

July 24 /64.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I have nothing worth writing in answer to your letter of this morning—but I do not like to be silent.

I forget what I said to you in the letter to which you refer—but I fear I am less and less sanguine about any periodical. I said I would do something for *The Month*, as you had done

—but it would be nothing out of the way, and without any great hope. Nothing would be better than an Historical Review—but who would bear it? Unless one doctored all one's facts, one should be thought a bad Catholic.

The truth is, there is a keen conflict going on just now between two parties, one in the Church, one out of it—and at such seasons extreme views alone are in favour, and a man who is not extravagant is thought treacherous. I sometimes think of King Lear's daughters—and consider that they after all may be found the truest who are in speech more measured.

Very sincerely yours in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.

By the beginning of 1865 it was seen that if the Magazine was to have a fair chance of continuance, it must not be left in private hands, and its acquisition by the Jesuit Fathers began to be seriously considered. This in great measure re-opened the whole question concerning its existence and *raison d'être*, which is very fully treated in the following letters. Father Gallwey, to whom the first of these is addressed, then Superior of the Farm Street community, took a leading part in the movement, along with the late Father Alfred Weld, at that time Provincial of the English Province.

Feby 26, 1865.¹

My dear Fr. Gallwey,

In answer to your question whether there is an opening for a Catholic periodical, say a Monthly Magazine, or again a want of one, I would first of all say, that, as to whether there is a call for one, you, as seeing so many persons, have much more ample means of answering the question than any one else. In such matters supply must go before and create the demand—and such supply as your Society can furnish, considering the number of able and learned men in the English and Irish provinces, must, I think, create the demand, considering the work will be carried on with that discretion and tact which every one admires in the Society of Jesus.

Putting aside this part of the subject then, I would rather speak of the need of such a publication. Here I would say that as secular power, rank, and wealth are great human means of

¹ This letter is printed from a copy. The others are from the original autographs.

promoting Catholicism, so especially in this democratic age is intellect. Without dreaming of denying the influence of the three first named instruments of success, still I think the influence arising from repute for ability and cultivation of science, in this age, is greater than any one of them. The Catholic body in England is despised by Protestants from their (unjust) idea of our deficiency in education, and in that power which education gives of bringing out and bringing to bear natural talent which Catholics have, as others. They have an idea that few Catholics can think justly or explain themselves suitably. A first rate journal then, of which the staple was science, art, literature, politics, etc., would be worth more to the Catholic cause than half a dozen noblemen, or even than a millionaire.

Next, I think that Protestants are accustomed to look on Catholics as an un-English body, taking no interest in English questions, and indeed not being able to do so, useless and hostile to the nation, and the mere instruments of a foreign power. A magazine then which, without effort or pretence, in a natural way, took part in all the questions of the day, not hiding that it was Catholic to the back-bone, but showing a real good will towards the institutions of the country, so far forth as they did not oppose Catholic truths and interests, showing that it understood them and could sympathize in them, and showing all this in the medium of good English, would create in the public mind a feeling of respect and deference for the opinion of the Catholic body which at present does not exist.

3. As to the direct inculcation of Catholic truth, as such, in such a periodical, I should dread its effect. I conceive the Magazine would be useless (for those purposes which alone I contemplate) if once it came to be generally considered as an "Ultramontane organ." It seems to me that what is to be aimed at, is to lay a Catholic *foundation* of thought—and *no* foundation is above ground. And next, to lay it with Protestant bricks: I mean to use as far as possible Protestant parties and schools in doing so, as St. Paul at Athens appealed to the Altar of "the Unknown God."

4. Then as to the good such a magazine would be to Catholic readers, I should consider it to consist in making them what it is itself, in creating in them that enlargement and refinement of mind, that innocent and religious sympathy in national objects, that faculty of intercourse with Protestants, and

6 "The Month" and John Henry Newman.

that power of aiding them in lawful temporal objects, which would ultimately be a means, more than any human means, of bringing converts to the Church from all classes of the community.

J. H. N.

Rednall, April 28, 1865.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

As to the subject of your letter, doubtless you know that I have all along said to Fr. Gallwey that I could not pledge myself to take part in supplying any periodical with literary matter. At my age, I should be a fool if I so pledged myself. I hope never to work against time again. It is killing work to an old man. It was by a wonderful Providence that I got through my trial last year; but I felt at the time it was like dancing on a tight rope *à la* Blondin. And, even if I promised you without naming a time for performance, I have so much of individual work at all times, that I should probably fail you, and certainly should disable myself from doing those individual duties well. I cannot say more than this, viz., that, if I do anything that is likely to suit you, you shall have the refusal of it.

I am *not at all* for a periodical of *light* literature. Just the contrary. What I should like best of all would be like the *Atlantis*; which is heavy enough. Again, I wished one simply *untheological*, like the *Atlantis*, into which theology, as such, was never introduced. I have as little desire for one which introduces theology as such, as for one which is simply light, and nothing more. I wrote on the subject in extenso to Fr. Gallwey. I am no great reader of Reviews and Magazines; but the extent to which I should allow a periodical to go in theology and in lightness would be to be parallel to the *Quarterly*, or *Frazer*, or the *Englishman's Magazine*, as I see them advertised in the Papers. Did I write myself in such a magazine, I should like it to be on faith and reason, on the means of arriving at certitude, &c. &c., and these are subjects not to be undertaken *currente calamo*.

You will easily understand that I say all this merely to explain myself; as you seem hardly to know my general sentiments on the question of a Magazine. Certainly I do not desire one simply and for its own sake, but one of a particular

character; and perhaps what I wish, very few other Catholics would wish.

Yours very sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN
Of the Oratory.

The "trial" of the previous year, referred to in the above letter, was the writing of the *Apologia*, in which Dr. Newman vindicated, against the aspersions of Mr. Kingsley, the honesty and sincerity of his own religious career. This, as many of the present generation may require to be told, was published in eight weekly instalments, in the course of 1864. Over and above the inevitable labour entailed by such a task, the work was necessarily accomplished, as Mr. Lilly writes in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "at the cost of no small suffering to a nature eminently sensitive, and shrinking from publicity," for in it "the veil was lifted from forty-six years of his inner life."

The brilliant but short-lived *Atlantis*, was undertaken by members of the Catholic University of Ireland, while Dr. Newman was its Rector, and dealt with both literature and science.¹

¹ It was meant to appear half-yearly, two numbers making a volume. Starting in January, 1858, its course was regular to January, 1860, when the 5th number was issued. The 6th was not published till January, 1862. In 1863, one double number came out (reckoned as 7 and 8). After a lapse of six entire years, the ninth and last number was dated February, 1870.

Dr. Newman's contributions to the *Atlantis* were (No. 1.) *The Mission of the Benedictine Order*. (No. 2.) *On the Formula μὴ φύσις τοῦ θεοῦ λόγος σεσαρκωμένη*. (No. 3.) *The Benedictine Centuries*. (No. 9.) *The "Ordo de Tempore."*

As for the multitudinous occupations of which we shall constantly hear again, and which stood in the way of his undertaking to supply articles for a periodical, there was in the first place the mass of correspondence forced upon him, not only by the claims of private friendship, but by the constant inquiries addressed by strangers, Catholic and Protestant alike, to one whom all agreed in considering as a safe and trustworthy source of information as to Catholic doctrine. How much was proposed for him to do, over and above all this, is amusingly indicated in a letter written a year or two later (Jan. 31, 1868) to his friend Father Whitty, S.J., who appears himself to have done something of the kind, in which Dr. Newman said:

"It is astounding how many works are suggested to me to undertake. I feel it a great compliment, but I ought to have the age of Methusela to do them all. Unless I took the one you suggest, first of all, it would have no chance of execution. One friend wishes me to write on the variations of Anglicanism—his letter came just now with yours—another wishes me to give an historical exposure of the conduct of the powers of the world towards the Church—another wishes me to write a poem—another a tragedy—another a symphony for stringed instruments. They are all persons of weight, whom I respect—and they give solid reasons for their suggestions."

The Oratory B^m

May 8 /65.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

You will find by this morning's post that I have anticipated your wish, as contained in the letter I have just received. In my last I mentioned to you the *Quarterly*, *Frazer*, and the *Englishman's Magazine*, as those periodicals which expressed the standard of lightness and heaviness in my own idea of a Magazine for Catholic usefulness. They do not differ very much from the *Cornhill*, which has as many (I allow) as two stories, which is too much, but has also (at least had, when I used to see it) a scientific article, an economical, one of contemporary history or politics, and one of talk or chat. The two novels are, I suppose, one ethical (as Thackeray's or Trolloppe's) the other sensational. With the latter at least, a Catholic Magazine might dispense.

I know what difficulty a Priest has in writing or editing literature which is not theological. I feel it very much myself. I have been too long in the groove, to say nothing else, to write anything which has no theological meaning, but still I can't help saying now, as I did to Fr. Gallwey, that it is not theology that Catholics want, but literature treated as Catholic authors cannot help treating it. You mentioned my Lectures on the Turks—I should not like a review to introduce theology more than they do. It is *secular* history written by a Catholic. I do not know how you feel on the subject, but it seems to me that the Classics open an important field for a Catholic Magazine—one popular with large classes of the community, one which the Society has ever excelled in, and one which is congenial to at least your own antecedents. For instance, see how Keble (with whatever deficiencies in consequence of his Anglicanism) has christianized this study in his Prelections. It seems to me that these Prelections might be cogged from,¹ and make an interesting series of Papers,—e.g. the right and wrong modes of reading the Classics—according to the story of the two combatants, and the gold and silver shield—or "Eyes and no eyes." The French Revolution, at least the Girondists, afford a specimen of the wrong reading of them—M. de Roland—Charlotte Corday, &c. &c. Speaking without book, I should say that Plutarch's Lives did the mischief—as constituting a sort of "Lives of the Saints"—and he was one of the new Platonic or Eclectic

¹ We have failed to discover other authority for the use of this expression.

School—quite different from honest old Herodotus or Pindar who tell their evil and the evil of their times, as it was.

Then again Education seems to me both an interesting and fruitful topic. There are those Reports of the Public Schools, &c. &c., which supply abundant matter and suggest many questions, unless you feel, as a member of the Society, that it is not open to you to consider views different from those which, I believe, are identified with your system.

I quite apprehend that wise rule of your Society to let every one, who is entrusted with an office, work in his own way. As to the exception of politics, the only question I should raise upon it, is, "What *is* politics?" or rather "What is *not* politics?" If it means that, e.g., you are not to support Gladstone, or not to side with Confederates against Federals, it is quite intelligible—but does the prohibition extend to principles? May you not show a preference for responsible government, for a constitution, for Magna Charta, for a State Conscience, for established religion, if you choose to do so? May you not show a kind feeling to the Bey of Tunis, or to legitimacy, or to a paternal government, or to good administration? You ought to know where the line must be drawn; else all subjects come into politics, as all subjects come into religion.

You should pay your contributors—as I doubt not you mean to do. With money you may command talent;—without there will be little effort and less punctuality—i.e., unless your writers are your own Fathers—but, when obedience is away, money is the main spring.

If you think it worth while, I am quite ready to go on for some months with the Saints of the Desert.

Very sincerely yours in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.

It must be observed that although the term "politics," in its broader sense, may be taken to include such subjects as those mentioned above, this was obviously not what was meant when it was ruled that "politics" were to be excluded from THE MONTH. The prohibition refers to "party questions" actually before the world, which divide different sections of the nation and set them in conflict with one another, and in regard of which Catholics differ like the rest of their countrymen.

The Oratory B^m

June 14 /65.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I inclose the Saints of the Desert for July, as you wish. Are you inclined to take, if you like the composition, a poem of a friend, called "The Workhouse"? I think you will find it well written. It will take up about five pages.

Have you thought of R. Simpson to help you? He is clever, quick in writing, and well-informed; and I suppose you need not fear his matter.

In answer to your last, some time back, I should repeat, that I am sorry you are going to introduce theology into *The Month*. I don't see theology is wanted, whereas literature, &c., is, nor do I think it the instrument of conversions—and it will deprive the Magazine of the chance of influence in the Protestant world. However, if you do make it theological, you have my best wishes for making it very good of the kind, and I would gladly promote its well-being—though I am not able to take any great interest in it.

Very sincerely yours in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

As was said in our previous article, seven numbers of the *Saints of the Desert* had appeared in THE MONTH before Father Coleridge took it over. Three were subsequently added, appearing in August and October, 1865, and March, 1866. On the 10th of the last-named month appeared the skit in *Punch*, which we quoted *in extenso*, by which, as Father Coleridge notes, the series was "snuffed out."

It is interesting to be able to add that the said skit—the good nature of which is manifest on the face of it—came from a friend and admirer, for, as those who read it will already have convinced themselves, it was from the genial pen of the present Editor of *Punch*.

The Oratory B^m

June 16 /65.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I send the *Workhouse*. I say of it three things.

1. It is in the style of Crabbe—and you must take it as such.
2. I think you will find it not more severe than many and many an Anglican Clergyman would write, Keble, &c. &c.

3. It is real ; is written by one who has experience of it, and written from his heart.

One swallow does not make a spring—and one religious article does not make a religious publication—but I think theology, even when introduced, should always be *in undress*, and should address itself to common sense, reason, received maxims, &c. &c., not to authority or technical dicta. Of course the hidden basis of a discipline ever must be the voice of tradition, the consent of the schools, the definitions of the Church ; but, as I do believe that the whole of revelation may be made more or less palatable to English common sense, (for e.g. tho' so sacred a doctrine as the Holy Trinity is necessarily above reason, yet it is common sense to say from the nature of the case it *must* be) so I think that to go beyond the line of English common sense, (e.g. to continue my instance, to prove the doctrine of the Holy Trinity as St. Augustine does by the memory, intellect, and will) would be a great mistake in a Magazine. And, as to the instance you take, I am bound to state my feeling, though I say it under correction, that you *cannot* harmonize the narrative of the Gospels in every point AGREEABLY TO ENGLISH COMMON SENSE ; and that now, when faith and reverence are low, and common sense (shallow common sense) has its full swing, it would be a blunder to attempt to prove in a Magazine that to go into Jericho is the same as to go out of it, or that one blind man is two blind men.

A chronicle of events is very desirable. It need not bring you into politics, if you keep to facts as registered in the newspapers. It involves the trouble of reading, and such strain of attention and judgment as is adequate to secure the leading points of contemporary history.

Do you notice a Catholic novel * * * among your books reviewed ? I hate sensational stories, and cannot get through them : yet I should be glad if it were possible to give a lift to the authoress. Did I attempt it 1. I should make it too long. 2. Next, I should perhaps disappoint her. But I am half disposed to say that I would try half a dozen lines.

Yours very sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Of the poem, about which we have now heard for the second time, Father Coleridge remarks : "I never knew who wrote the *Workhouse*. I used to think it may have been J. N. himself,

who was very fond of Crabbe." It did not appear in THE MONTH and we can throw no light on its further history.¹

The Oratory B^m

August 23, 1865.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I inclose the "Sayings," they will be too late for this month, I suppose—but they will do for one month as well as for another. I hope you feel yourself to be getting on.

Yours very sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN

of the Oratory.

The next letter introduces the first mention of a controversy which excited great interest, and, as will be seen, called forth some vigorous criticisms on Dr. Newman's part, concerning the mode in which it was handled by writers in THE MONTH.

In the autumn of 1865, Dr. Pusey published what, from its secondary title, is commonly known as his *Eirenicon*, or "message of peace," the full description of which as presented by its author ran thus—*The Church of England a portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a means of restoring visible Unity. An Eirenicon, in a letter to the Author of the Christian Year.* So polemical was the mode in which the subject thus sketched was treated as to draw from Dr. Newman the famous observation subsequently addressed to Pusey himself that he had "discharged his olive branch as if from a catapult."

On the appearance of the "Eirenicon," Father Coleridge appears to have written to ask for an account of the position taken up respectively by Dr. Pusey and by Newman himself, in regard of the famous "Tract Ninety," written by the latter, in which it was maintained that the Thirty-nine Articles might be legitimately interpreted throughout in a Catholic sense,—the storm raised by which contention brought the "Tracts for the Times" to an end. The information furnished in reply, was used by Father Coleridge in a review of Dr. Newman's reply to Pusey, which review appeared in THE MONTH for March, 1866.

¹ By a curious coincidence, a poem (so-called) with the same title had been published just a year earlier than the above letter, the copy in the British Museum being stamped with the date "9 Ju 64." Its title runs *The Workhouse: A Poem by . . . (A Social Photograph). Dedicated to the Philanthropists of England.* [London: Job Caudwell.] It is in blank verse, so far at least as the absence of rhyme can merit the description, there being an almost equal lack of rhythm. The production is shocking doggerel without merit of any kind.

The Oratory Bm
Oct. 20, 1865.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

The difference of opinion as to No. 90 between Pusey and myself has ever been this: that I thought such a Catholic interpretation of the 39 Articles a possible interpretation, and he thought it the true, just, normal, natural one. Ward on the other hand professed to hold it, while he called it non-natural. The difference between Pusey and me is brought out in our letters in the Times of the date, I think, of the last week in February 1863.

It also appeared on the publication of the Tract. My view was this,—“the compilers of the Articles intended the words they used to bear several senses, in order that Semi-Catholics, time-servers, &c. &c., might avail themselves of them.” This, in the compilers, was dishonest; but, *since* it was their intention, I considered we might avail ourselves of it. I used to say frankly, “Either they are dishonest or I. If I invent the interpretation, then I shuffle—if they meant it, they shuffled.” I thought they meant it—and I said, “this shuffle told for them in their day, for it kept Catholics in the Anglican Church—and now it tells for us, and shall hinder us from going out of it.” This view is brought out in the last paragraph of the Tract—and this paragraph Pusey wished me in the second edition to leave out. “Why,” I answered, “it is like playing Hamlet, without the Prince of Denmark; that paragraph is the key to the whole Tract, for, if the Compilers were not shuffling, *I am*—and I don’t intend to allow this.” His answer would be, “no, there is no shuffling in Compilers or you—for they actually meant the Catholic sense of the words, as you give it in the Tract, as the true sense of their words, and not as a mere trap for waverers.”

As to “General Councils,” I think they meant vaguely collections of Bishops, &c., from all parts of the world—and this too is what Bellarmine means by them. He says that they are not true Councils (*approbata* perhaps is his word) *i.e.* may err unless confirmed by the Pope—and the Article says also “they may err”—but leaves open the question whether *ever* “they can’t err.” Of course it *implies* that they always [may] err, but it does not *say* that “*all* General Councils may err.”

Ever yours

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In THE MONTH for November and December, 1865, appeared two articles, both written by Father Coleridge himself (who at that period used the signature "γ"), dealing with the Eirenicon, and entitled respectively, *Dr. Pusey on the Church of England*, and *Dr. Pusey as a Controversialist*. It is to these that the allusions of the letters now following refer.

The Oratory B^m

Nov. 22, 1865.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I am very sorry I cannot send you this month the Saints of the Desert, as I had hoped—I am so busy. I am taking your suggestion and publishing Gerontius.

The review of Pusey in *The Month* is ably written and effective. Pusey complains that, instead of meeting his proposition, it is personal.

Your very sincerely

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory B^m

Nov. 24 /65.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I am sure the series of discussions which you propose¹ will be very seasonable. No person could do them with the exactness and weight which will attach to the writings of Fathers of the Society.

For myself, I would not write against Pusey anonymously. If I wrote, it would be in a separate shape with my name. I agree with you that his work is calculated to raise indignation—especially when considered as an Irenicon.² On its first appearance I wrote to Keble, quoting of it the text "If any one ask for a fish will he give him a stone? &c." Don't mention this. He wrote back, begging me not to say so to Pusey, it would hurt him so much. Also, I am sure that he and his use the book to keep persons in the Anglican Church, as you say. But then he is not inconsistent here, for he says "Wait till we *all* can join. I am writing to effect this, and I wish these difficulties, which *you* ought to feel, as I do, removed *before* you join." And again, I verily believe he does mean it as an

¹ We have no further information on this subject.

² This form of the word was adopted by Dr. Newman both in writing and in print.

Irenicon—and though I think he ought to be made feel how he has wounded Catholics, yet I do not think his book ought to be left there—and I was glad that a reviewer *could* write as the Weekly Register wrote last week, though I could not write so leniently myself, as I have distinctly told Pusey (*don't tell this.*) I think a large body in the Anglican Church are growing towards us: and, while I will not despair even of Pusey, however humanly unlikely, still less do I think it right to do anything likely to throw back the large body. I cannot help feeling sorrow at the blow struck by the Holy Office at the members of the A.P.U.C., or whatever it is called, (I have not got it quite right.)¹ And if now they are led to suppose that all Catholics hold with Ward and Faber, I think we shall be in a melancholy way to seconding that blow.

Yours very sincerely in Xt.

JOHN H. NEWMAN
of the Oratory.

The Oꝝ B^m
Dec. 11 /65.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,

I have been very busy or I should have written to you before. I have made up my mind to write a pamphlet—it will not be a long one. I dread taking the step very much,—as it is not to be expected that I shall make no mistakes. But I felt almost called upon to write.

The article on Pusey in the present *Month* is very ably written, and I don't know how he can answer it. But still, I thought it harsh. There is a text about "smoking flax."

Ever yours very sincerely
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

This brings down the record furnished by the correspondence we are studying, to the close of the first six months during which THE MONTH endeavoured under the guidance of Father Coleridge to shape its course according to the general scheme

¹ The A.P.U.C., or Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom, in which Catholics and Anglicans joined to promote the cause of *Corporate* Reunion between their Churches, was condemned by the Roman Inquisition (Nov. 8, 1865) as tending to countenance the claim of the Church of England to be a true branch of Christ's Church, and thus on a par with the communion of Rome.

which, as has been said, was to govern its endeavours to serve the purposes for which it was designed. As will be seen, it came into existence at a moment most opportune for gleaning various interesting particulars regarding the great Tractarian Movement which had so profoundly stirred the nation thirty years before. It was a singular piece of good fortune that whilst the three most conspicuous leaders of that movement—Keble, Pusey, and Newman—were still living, circumstances should have led the most notable amongst them to communicate such particulars as are to be found above regarding the history which they had the chief hand in making; and that he should be able to speak with less reserve than would necessarily have been the case when the events of which he treated were less remote. It is likewise no small benefit to have elicited, even in the way of dissent, the counsels of one who had such experience and such skill, as to the mode in which controversy should be conducted. Of his opinions on this subject, it is true, we have as yet had a hint rather than a full expression—but here we must stop for the present, with the end of the year 1865, for the *Eirenicon* controversy and Dr. Newman's own share in it will have to be dealt with on a scale which makes it impossible to find space for their due treatment in our present issue. In our next, accordingly, a fresh start will be made from the point that has now been reached.

The Holy Shroud and the Verdict of History.

EIGHT or nine months ago a considerable sensation was caused in Paris and throughout France by a "communication" read before the Academy of Sciences under rather unwonted circumstances. The reader of the paper was M. Yves Delage, Professor of Zoology at the Sorbonne, and a man who, as all his hearers were well aware, makes no secret of his agnostic opinions. Its object was to vindicate the authenticity of a relic of the Passion, alleged to preserve the actual impression of the body and the features of Jesus Christ. Its method of proof, which claimed to be strictly scientific, was based upon a series of experiments conducted in M. Delage's laboratory by two physicists—M. Paul Vignon, D.Sc., the author of the paper, and his friend, M. le Commandant Colson. Let it be added, that although M. Delage was not the writer of the communication, he identified himself with its conclusions and defended them subsequently in a vigorous article published in the *Revue Scientifique*.

Introduced under these auspices, M. Vignon's essay created a profound impression. Almost every Parisian newspaper came out the next morning with an article on the subject. Although the members of the Academy voted that only the experimental portion of the paper should be printed in their *Journal*, no strong expression of hostile opinion was elicited. That certain religious journals would take up the subject with enthusiasm might have been foreseen; but the fact that others of a more secular character, like the *Débats* and the *Figaro*, gave prominence to communications written in support of M. Vignon's thesis was a surer indication of the effect his paper had produced. The echoes of the discussion made themselves heard outside of France. Even in this country, the *Lancet*, the *Times*, and other newspapers summarized M. Vignon's arguments and treated his conclusions with respect.

But before we come to take an account of what may be

called the scientific aspect of the subject, there is an important preliminary question to be settled belonging to the domain of history. No doubt M. Vignon had no space to deal with this in his communication to the Academy. One turned therefore with the more interest to the large and handsome volume¹ which was published by him a fortnight later as a full exposition of his views. There the historical difficulty is indeed touched upon, but it must be confessed that it is presented very inadequately. It is my wish to do all justice to the arguments of M. Vignon, whose good faith no one will think of questioning, and whose patient research, acute observation, and clearness of statement seem to me worthy of much praise. But, on the other hand, justice is also due to the contention of those who impugn the authenticity of the relic, and it is the view of these latter which must, I think, be regarded as still in possession. Two years, in fact, before M. Vignon appeared in the field, the case for the prosecution was finally presented by M. le Chanoine Chevalier, in an admirable *brochure*,² to which the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres awarded a gold medal of the value of 1,000 francs. This essay has been accepted as an absolutely conclusive demonstration, not only by the Bollandists, but by many other Catholic scholars of unimpeachable orthodoxy. What is more, since the reading of M. Vignon's paper, M. Léopold Delisle, an authority respected equally by *croyants* and rationalists, has declared, speaking in the name of many of his colleagues, that he saw no reason to modify the entire adhesion which he had given on previous occasions to Canon Chevalier's conclusions.³ Attestations such as these cannot be lightly dismissed; and in any case, an orderly treatment seems to require that before attempting to discuss M. Vignon's scientific hypothesis regarding the relic in question, we should, first of all, give careful consideration to what we may be able to learn of its previous history.

¹ *Le Linéal du Christ*. Paris: Masson, 1902. An English translation of this book has recently been published by Messrs. Constable.

² *Etude Critique sur l'origine du Saint-Suaire*. Paris: Picard, 1900.

³ M. Léopold Delisle had warmly eulogized Canon Chevalier's *Étude* in a long review in the *Journal des Savants* (November, 1900). How entirely M. Delisle's attitude was supported by his colleagues in the Académie des Inscriptions, may probably be safely inferred from the fact that shortly afterwards the same distinguished body awarded to Canon Chevalier the Estrade-Delcros prize of 8,000 francs by a vote that was practically unanimous (40 votes to 1). It may be added that the Académie des Inscriptions includes amongst its members a larger proportion of practising Catholics than any other assembly in France of equal distinction.

The relic known as the Holy Shroud of Turin¹ is at present the property of the King of Italy, he being the modern representative of the ducal house of Savoy. The shroud is a large sheet of what has been generally assumed to be linen, about 13½ feet long by 4½ feet wide. Lengthwise down its centre it bears the impressions back and front of a human form. The two impressions are head to head, and supposing them to have been really caused by contact with a man's body, it is clear that the body must have lain supine upon one half of the shroud, while the other half was doubled back over the head to cover the face, breast, and lower limbs in front as far as the feet. Even in the case of a very tall man, the great length of the cloth would have permitted this without difficulty. As to the identity of the body, whose image is seen upon the shroud, no question is possible. The five wounds, the marks of a cruel flagellation, the punctures encircling the head can still be clearly distinguished in spite of the darkening of the whole fabric. If this is not the impression of the Body of Christ, it was designed as the counterfeit of that impression. In no other personage since the world began could these details be verified.

It may be said that with regard to the external history of the shroud during the last five hundred years there is practically no dispute. Since 1578 it has remained at Turin, whither it was brought in that year by the Duke of Savoy for the convenience of St. Charles Borromeo, who greatly desired to make a pilgrimage to it after the plague of Milan. During the preceding century Chambéry had been its more permanent home. It is true that, owing to the disturbances of the times, it was transferred for a while to Nice and Vercelli, but it was at Chambéry in 1532 that the shroud was nearly consumed by fire when a conflagration broke out which destroyed the chapel in which it was preserved. The relic was at that time kept folded in a silver casket. The casket was rescued from the flames—miraculously, as men were then disposed to think—but the corners of the folds were charred, and the portions thus injured, and afterwards repaired with new material, now make two more

¹ There have been several other holy shrouds (*saints suaires*) purporting to have formed part of the linen cloths in which our Lord's Body was wrapped at the time of His burial. Among the more famous of these was the shroud of Besançon, destroyed in the French Revolution. This, like that of Turin, bore the impress of a human form. Others, like the still existing shroud of Cadouin, are plain or marked only with a few blood-stains. The word *suaire* (*sudario*) will call for further remark.

or less symmetrical rows of patches on either side of the central figure. To those who at the exposition in 1898 saw the shroud from some little distance, the traces of these burns were almost the only feature which the eye was able to recognize. At the time of the fire of 1532 the shroud had been installed at Chambéry for nearly eighty years. It had been left there in 1453, in the keeping of the Dukes of Savoy, by Margaret de Charny, Countess de la Roche. The title, however, by which she herself was possessed of it was open to grave exception. The shroud belonged by right to the Canons of the collegiate church of Lirey. During the disturbances which followed upon the English invasion under Henry V., the Lirey Canons, fearing for the safety of their treasure, had entrusted it temporarily to Humbert, Count de la Roche, the husband of Margaret de Charny; and she, his widow, had since then persistently refused to restore it to its legitimate owners. This act of injustice was no doubt in her eyes palliated by the fact that she was the grand-daughter of Geoffrey de Charny, who, in the year 1353, had founded the collegiate church of Lirey, and had subsequently presented the shroud to the canons. Moreover, it was her father, a second Geoffrey de Charny, who in 1389 had been mainly instrumental in obtaining for the canons the Papal permission to exhibit the shroud, in spite of the prohibition of their Bishop. But here we are brought to the critical chapter in the history of the relic, and it is a matter which deserves to be dealt with in the fullest detail.

The researches of various inquirers interested in the history of the holy shroud, notably those of the Abbé Lalore and Canon Chevalier, have resulted in the discovery of a number of miscellaneous documents bearing upon this episode of the year 1389. Of their authenticity, let it be said once for all, there can be no manner of question. They mutually confirm one another and they are nearly all derived from official sources. Piecing together the story which they tell, we learn that in the summer of the year named, Pierre d'Arcis, Bishop of Troyes, had his attention called to a grave scandal, as he regarded it, which was going on at Lirey in his diocese, and which was directly encouraged, if not contrived, by the canons of that collegiate foundation. From all the country round the populace were attracted to Lirey by the fame of a certain winding-sheet which was exposed for veneration with even greater marks of

reverence than were commonly paid to the Blessed Sacrament, and which was given out to be the actual shroud in which the body of Christ our Lord had been wrapped at the entombment. This sheet the Bishop declares to have been woven like any other piece of linen and skilfully painted (*manufactus et artificialiter depictus*), and he seems to have appealed eventually to the court of the Parlement du Roy, praying that the shroud might be impounded by the King's officers until full inquiry had been made. Before invoking the royal authority the Bishop had brought the matter before his synod, and had issued injunctions of his own, under threat of excommunication, forbidding any further exhibition of the supposed relic. The canons, however, encouraged by the support of Geoffrey de Charny, had paid no attention. Indeed, their patron had previously taken the precaution of obtaining for them from the Papal Legate, Cardinal de Thury, a formal authorization to exhibit the shroud in their church without reference to the Bishop. When Peter d'Arcis threatened excommunication the canons appealed to the Pope at Avignon, and as a result of this appeal we have a Brief addressed in July, 1359, by Clement VII. to Geoffrey de Charny, confirming the permission already granted by the Legate and imposing perpetual silence on the Bishop of Troyes.

Under these circumstances Pierre d'Arcis drew up a very clear and able memorial, which he forthwith despatched to the Pope. The document is so extremely important that in spite of its length I make no apology for translating it practically entire. The only parts omitted are certain formal preliminaries and expressions of respect, after which the Bishop approaches his subject in these terms :

The case, Holy Father, stands thus. Some time since in this diocese of Troyes the Dean of a certain collegiate church, to wit, that of Lirey, falsely and deceitfully, being consumed with the passion of avarice, and not from any motive of devotion but only of gain, procured for his church a certain cloth cunningly painted, upon which by a clever sleight of hand was depicted the twofold image of one man, that is to say, the back and front, he falsely declaring and pretending that this was the actual shroud in which our Saviour Jesus Christ was enfolded in the tomb, and upon which the whole likeness of the Saviour had remained thus impressed together with the wounds which He bore. This story was put about not only in the kingdom of France, but, so to speak, throughout the world, so that from all parts people came together to view it. And further to attract the multitude so that

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money might cunningly be wrung from them, pretended miracles were worked, certain men being hired to represent themselves as healed at the moment of the exhibition of the shroud, which all believed to be the shroud of our Lord. The Lord Henry of Poitiers, of pious memory, then Bishop of Troyes, becoming aware of this, and urged by many prudent persons to take action, as indeed was his duty in the exercise of his ordinary jurisdiction, set himself earnestly to work to fathom the truth of this matter. For many theologians and other wise persons declared that this could not be the real shroud of our Lord having the Saviour's likeness thus imprinted upon it, since the holy Gospel made no mention of any such imprint, while, if it had been true, it was quite unlikely that the holy Evangelists would have omitted to record it, or that the fact should have remained hidden until the present time. Eventually, after diligent inquiry and examination, he discovered the fraud and how the said cloth had been cunningly painted, the truth being attested by the artist who had painted it, to wit, that it was a work of human skill and not miraculously wrought or bestowed. Accordingly, after taking mature counsel with wise theologians and men of the law, seeing that he neither ought nor could allow the matter to pass, he began to institute formal proceedings against the said Dean and his accomplices in order to root out this false persuasion. They, seeing their wickedness discovered, hid away the said cloth so that the Ordinary could not find it, and they kept it hidden afterwards for thirty-four years or thereabouts down to the present year. And now again the present Dean of the said church with fraudulent intent and for the purpose of gain, suggested, as it is reported, to the Lord Geoffrey de Charny, Knight, and the temporal lord of the place, to have the said cloth replaced in the said church, that by a renewal of the pilgrimage the church might be enriched with the offerings made by the faithful. Acting upon the Dean's suggestion, who was thus treading in the footsteps of his predecessor, the knight went to the Cardinal de Thury, your Holiness' Nuncio and Legate in French territory, and suppressing the facts that the said cloth at the time above referred to was asserted to be the shroud of our Saviour, and that it bore the Saviour's likeness imprinted upon it, and that the Ordinary had taken action against the canons in order to stamp out the error which had arisen, and that the said cloth for fear of the Ordinary had been hidden away, nay even, it is said, conveyed out of the diocese, he represented to the Cardinal that the said cloth was a picture or figure of the shroud, which many people came to visit out of devotion and which had previously been much venerated and resorted to in that church, but on account of the war and other causes, by the command of the Ordinary, had been placed for a long time in safer keeping, petitioning that he might be allowed to set up in the said church this picture or figure of the shroud which so many out of devotion desired to see, so that it might there be shown to the people and venerated by the faithful. Then the said Lord Cardinal, without entirely approving the petition, but probably

acting on the facts before him and so far prudently, granted to the petitioner by Apostolic authority that without asking leave of the Ordinary or of any other person he might set up this picture or figure of the shroud of our Lord in the said church or in any other decent place. And under cover of this written authority the cloth was openly exhibited and shown to the people in the church aforesaid on great holidays, and frequently on feasts and at other times, with the utmost solemnity, even more than when the Body of Christ our Lord is exposed; to wit, by two priests vested in albs with stoles and maniples and using the greatest possible reverence, with lighted torches and upon a lofty platform constructed for this special purpose; and although it is not publicly stated to be the true shroud of Christ, nevertheless this is given out and noised abroad in private, and so it is believed by many, the more so, because, as stated above, it was on the previous occasion declared to be the true shroud of Christ, and by a certain ingenious manner of speech it is now in the said church styled not the *sudarium* but the *sanctuarium*,¹ which to the ears of the common folk, who are not keen to observe distinctions, sounds much the same thing, and crowds of people resort there as often as it is shown or is expected to be shown, under the belief, or more truly the delusion, that it is the true shroud. Moreover, it is currently reported amongst them that it has been approved by the Apostolic See by means of the letters of the said Lord Cardinal.

Accordingly, most holy Father, perceiving this great scandal renewed amongst the people and the delusion growing to the peril of souls, observing also that the Dean of the said church did not keep within the terms of the Cardinal's letters, obtained though they were by the suppression of the truth and the suggestion of what was false, as already explained, desiring to meet the danger as well as I could and to root out this false persuasion from the flock committed to me, after consultation with many prudent advisers, I prohibited the said Dean under pain of excommunication, by the very act sufficiently published (*eo ipso lata*), from exhibiting this cloth to the people until otherwise might be determined. He, however, refusing obedience and lodging an appeal, in defiance of the prohibition went on with the exhibition as before. Moreover, the knight, maintaining and defending this behaviour, by holding the said cloth with his own hands on a certain solemn feast, and showing it to the people with the observances above described, caused himself, by a royal warrant (*salvagardia*), to be put in formal possession and occupation of the said cloth and of

¹ The words *sudarium* and *sanctuarium* in the Latin hardly indicate the ingenious assonance which the writer evidently intended to denounce as a deliberate deception of the people and which local pronunciation may possibly have assisted. Formerly the cloth had been called the *Saint Suaire*; now this was not said, but it was styled the *sanctuaire*. The word *sanctuarium* was one which seems to have been applied to any relic or object of pious veneration, in fact its most common signification was simply "relic."

the right of exhibiting it, and had this notified to me; and so under cover of the appeal as well as of the said royal warrant this delusion is shielded and propagated, to the contempt of the Church, scandal of the people, and peril of souls—all which I am powerless to remedy—nay more, to the defamation of my above-named predecessor who denounced the abuse in his time, and of myself who to the best of my poor ability am also anxious to take such prudent action as I may. But, alas! the scandal is upheld and defended and its supporters cause it to be spread abroad among the people that I am acting through jealousy and cupidity and to obtain possession of the cloth for myself, just as similar reports were circulated before against my predecessor; while, on the other hand, others aver that I move too half-heartedly in the matter and that I make myself a laughing-stock by allowing the abuse to continue. But though I have earnestly and humbly cited the said knight and besought him that he would for a time suspend the exhibition of the said cloth until your Holiness could be consulted and should pronounce upon the matter, he paid no attention, or rather without my knowledge he had representations made to your Holiness in the same sense as those already made to the said Lord Cardinal, adding that I refused to defer to the said Cardinal's letters, that I disregarded the appeal and went on launching inhibitions and sentences of excommunication against those who exhibited the cloth and against the people who came to venerate it. But with all deference to the author of these representations, my action in thus proceeding against those who exhibited and venerated the cloth was in no wise derogatory to the said Lord Cardinal's letters, obtained though they were surreptitiously. This authorization of his by no means conceded that the cloth could be exposed with publicity or venerated, but only that it might be restored to or lodged in the said church or some other decent place. And because they would not keep to the terms of the Cardinal's permit therefore it was that I proceeded against them according to the ordinary forms of law, as in my duty I am bound, and not without much asking of counsel, with the view of removing the scandal and the said popular delusion, believing that I should be gravely in fault if I connived at such abuses. Moreover, having to look to my own security in this matter, I was compelled, acting always upon the advice of prudent counsellors, to have recourse to the aid of the secular arm, and this more particularly because the said knight in the first instance had begun to place the matter in the hands of the civil authorities by causing himself to be put in formal possession of the right of exhibiting the cloth by the King's warrant, as said above, which seems a sufficiently absurd proceeding. Accordingly I took measures to have the cloth placed in the custody of the King's officers, always with the same end in view, viz., that at least until I could bring the whole story to the notice of your Holiness there might for the time being be an end of these exhibitions. And in this request I prevailed without any difficulty with the court of the King's

Parliament when once they were fully informed of the superstitious origin of this shroud, of the use to which it was put, and of the delusion and scandal to which I have called attention. Indeed it is a wonder to all who know the facts of the case that the opposition which hampers me in these proceedings comes from the Church, from which quarter I should have looked for vigorous support, nay, rather have expected punishment if I had shown myself slothful or remiss. However, the knight above mentioned has been beforehand with me, and, having represented the matter as I have explained, has obtained from your Holiness a Brief in which the said Lord Cardinal's letters are substantially confirmed *ex certa scientia* and permission is granted that in spite of all prohibitions and appeals, the said cloth may be shown and exposed for the veneration of the faithful; while, as I hear,—for I have not been able to procure a copy of the said Brief,—perpetual silence is enjoined upon myself.

But whereas the canon law requires me to see that no man be imposed upon by false representations and documents for purposes of gain, and because I am certain that this Brief was obtained by suggestion of what is false and suppression of the truth, and that otherwise it would never have been issued, while I was neither cited nor heard, especially as the presumption ought to stand in my favour that I would not interfere in such a cause without reason, or disturb any man in any practice of devotion which was harmless and free from extravagance, I do most confidently trust that your Holiness will bear with me if in view of the foregoing facts I still oppose the said exposition until I have fuller instructions from your Holiness yourself, now better informed of the truth of the case. I would ask you then, most blessed Father, to vouchsafe to bestow your attention upon the foregoing statement and to take measures that such scandal and delusion and abominable superstition may be put an end to both in fact and seeming, in such wise that this cloth be held neither for *sudarium* nor *sanctuarium*, nor for an image or figure of our Lord's *sudarium*, since our Lord's *sudarium* was nothing of the kind, nor, in fine, under any other ingenious pretext be exhibited to the people or exposed for veneration, but that to express horror of such superstition it be publicly condemned, the surreptitious letters above spoken of being recalled, or more truly declared null and void [for fear that the keen-eyed persecutors and detractors of the Church should rail at the Church's discipline and say that a more prompt and efficacious remedy against scandals and impostures is found in the secular tribunals than in those of ecclesiastical authority].¹ I offer myself here as ready to supply all information sufficient to remove any doubt concerning the facts alleged both from public report and otherwise, in order to exonerate myself

¹ The words in brackets, though they appear in the Bishop's own draft, were probably not retained in the copy sent to the Pope, as they are marked *Vacat*. Probably the Bishop, on second thoughts, judged them to be too strong.

and also to discharge my conscience in a matter which I have greatly at heart. Moreover, if health had allowed I should have presented myself personally to your Holiness to state my complaint to the best of my poor ability, for I am convinced that I cannot fully or sufficiently express in writing the grievous nature of the scandal, the contempt brought upon the Church and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the danger to souls; still I do what I can, chiefly that I may be guiltless before God, leaving all else to the disposition of your Holiness, whom may the Almighty long preserve, &c.

There is something singularly vigorous and straightforward about this memorial, but I should be sorry to present it as if it finally and by its own authority determined the whole question. The real strength of the case lies in the confirmatory evidence. Let me try to illustrate concisely some of the more striking features to which I refer.

I. We possess nearly a score of documents which have some direct or indirect bearing on the facts reported in the Bishop's memorial. It may be said unhesitatingly that none of these in any one detail are in conflict with his statements. Such evidence as they furnish is wholly confirmatory. He tells us, for instance, that he was not the first to apply to the civil authorities; that before he did so, Geoffrey de Charny had obtained a *salva guardia*, "a royal warrant," as I have ventured to translate it, attesting his right to possess and to exhibit the shroud. Now this statement is repeated in the mandate addressed in behalf of the King and his *Cour de Parlement* to the bailiff of Troyes.¹ It would be easy to specify many points of minor interest.

II. A more important confirmation is to be found in the fact that whereas Pierre d'Arcis describes the shroud as fabricated in the time of his predecessor, it curiously happens that the history of the supposed relic for thirteen hundred years down to that precise date remains an absolute blank. If authentic, Geoffrey de Charny had every motive for explaining how the shroud came into his possession. Our documents are sufficiently full to enable us to say with confidence that he did

¹ It is true that the statement in this mandate is founded on the Bishop's own representation of the case; but it was one thing to tell such a story to the Pope at Avignon, and another to tell the same story to the King's officers who had the means at hand of verifying its truth. (See Chevalier, *Etude*, Appendix A.) The Bishop's account of the rites observed in venerating the shroud is also fully confirmed by the report of the bailiff of Troyes, printed in Appendix B. Let me add that nothing seems yet to have been adduced derogatory to the character or credibility of Peter d'Arcis. He had at this date been Bishop of Troyes for twelve years, and had previously occupied many positions of trust.

nothing of the sort. Moreover, the more evidence that is brought to prove the profound devotional impression produced by the realistic figures on the shroud in later times, the more inexplicable does it become that neither the Evangelists, the Fathers, the Oriental travellers, nor any of the apocryphal writings, speak of it before the fourteenth century.¹ And how should such a stupendous relic be found in the possession of a simple knight like Geoffrey de Charny?

III. The results of the Bishop's memorial are most instructive. Our documents abundantly show that he was in no position to carry matters with a high hand. The Papal Court, influenced perhaps by Geoffrey de Charny, would even seem to have shown itself somewhat hostile, and the Bishop's request for the entire suppression of the shroud was bluntly refused. But for all that the one point which interests us at the present day is left in no sort of ambiguity. The Pope's decision was that, when the cloth was shown there was to be no elaborate ceremonial, no vestments of lights or other observances customary at the veneration of relics. On the contrary, the priest or other person who exhibited it was to declare to those present "in a loud and intelligible voice, without any trickery, that the said figure or representation is not the real shroud of our Lord Jesus Christ, but only a drawing or picture made to represent or imitate the shroud of our Lord Jesus Christ as it is alleged to have been."²

¹ The evidence, or lack of evidence, has been discussed in Canon Chevalier's *Etude*, pp. 8—14. Some interesting facts in the same sense have been added by M. Puaux. Compare also Canon Chevalier's last brochure, *Le Saint Suaire de Turin, Histoire d'une Relique* (Paris: Picard, 1902.) I do not wish to disguise the fact that there is one earlier allusion to a shroud bearing the "*figure de Notre Seigneur*" (Query, does *figure* mean face? or form?) which might conceivably be referred to the shroud of Lirey. Still there is not a scrap of positive evidence to connect the relic which in 1203 is described as having disappeared from the monastery of Blachernes, near Constantinople, with that denounced in 1389 by the Bishop of Troyes. The majority of the many relics of reputed shrouds of which we have mention, bore no figure of Christ, and could not for many different reasons be identified with the Sudario now at Turin.

² "Nos igitur . . . ad omnem errorem et idololatriæ materiam submovendam . . . volumus quod . . . ostendentes . . . capis, &c., nullatenus induantur . . . torticia, &c., minime accendantur . . . quodque ostendens dictam figuram . . . publice populo prædicet et dicat alta et intelligibili voce, omni fraude cessante, quod figura seu representatio predicta non est verum sudarium Domini nostri Jhesu Christi, sed quædam pictura seu tabula facta in figuram seu representationem sudarii, quod fore dicitur ejusdem Domini nostri Jhesu Christi." Some little difficulty might be felt as to the translation of these last few words. I have given what I consider to be the general meaning. Of the authenticity of the document there can be no question, it is found in several copies and attested by contemporary summaries. (See Chevalier, *Etude*, Appendix G.)

28 *The Holy Shroud and the Verdict of History.*

Moreover, the Pope seems to have been thoroughly in earnest in his determination to have these conditions observed. He wrote to three other prominent dignitaries of other dioceses, requiring them to see that these regulations which he had laid down were carried out by the Canons of Lirey under threat of the most serious ecclesiastical censures if they evaded compliance.

IV. But the most damning and conclusive piece of evidence, one to which Canon Chevalier himself, it seems to me, has hardly given sufficient prominence, is the undoubted fact that Geoffrey de Charny and the canons had never ventured to maintain to the Pope that their shroud was an authentic relic. The Bishop has already told us in his memorial that Geoffrey de Charny obtained the Legate's permission to exhibit the cloth by describing it as a *representatio aut figura sudarii*,¹ a mere devotional counterfeit of the shroud, suppressing the fact that it was venerated by the people as the real shroud itself. This assertion of the Bishop which, if untrue, would have been audacious in the last degree, is fully borne out by the wording of all the Bulls: "It having been represented to us," they all say, "on the part of Geoffrey . . . that a certain figure or picture of the shroud," &c. It is quite clear that Geoffrey's petition itself described it as a figure or representation, and the evidence is still more conclusive, now that we know, what Canon Chevalier did not know in 1900,² when his *Étude* was printed, that Clement's Brief to Geoffrey was despatched before the Bishop drew up his memorial. As it is we find that the Pope, acting only on the *ex parte* statement of Geoffrey and the canons, and before the Bishop had said a word about the inquiry of Henry of Poitiers or the painter who confessed the fraud to him, describes the shroud in question ten separate times in the course of the same Brief as an image or picture (*figura seu representatio quædam sudarii*). M. Vignon spends a page of his book in asking why Bishop Peter d'Arcis in writing to the Pope did not produce

¹ See above, p. 22. Zantfliet also evidently confirms this statement. He states that the scholars who examined the documents in the possession of the Countess Margaret, found amongst them the text of the license of the Papal Legate, which we do not now possess. In this document also, the first of the series, issued before the trouble began, it appears that the shroud is described as *representatio aut figura*. (Chevalier, *Étude*, Appendix U.)

² The Bull or Brief of Clement VIII. to Geoffrey de Charny, printed by Chevalier from Zantfliet in Appendix O, is wrongly dated January 6th, 1390, and is inserted out of its proper order. It belongs to the preceding July as appears from the original lately found in the Vatican Archives. (See Canon Chevalier's communication to the Academy of Inscriptions, printed in the *Université Catholique*, November, 1902.)

the authentic records from the archives of his episcopal court to prove that the shroud was a painting. The answer is very simple. Bishop d'Arcis did not waste time in arguing the point further for the sufficient reason that nobody contested it. Whatever the people believed, it is quite certain now that from the very first neither Geoffrey, nor the canons, nor the Pope supposed that the so-called shroud was anything else but an ordinary painting. What is more, even as late as 1418 it was transferred to the keeping of Humbert, Count de la Roche, under the same designation of "*figure ou representation du Suaire*," and the chronicler Zantfliet records how its spurious character was again detected and proclaimed by ecclesiastical authority in 1449 after an inspection of the Papal Bulls.

There are many minor points that might be urged, but what has been said seems to me sufficient to settle the question, if anything can settle it. Of course all historical evidence is to some extent relative. What we treat as conclusive in discussing the events of the fourteenth century would not perhaps be sufficient to convict a prisoner on trial for his life in a modern court of law.¹ None the less, the case is here so strong that however plausible M. Vignon's scientific hypothesis may seem, the probability of an error in the verdict of history must be accounted, it seems to me, as almost infinitesimal.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ It is just conceivable, for instance, that the consciousness that the shroud had been stolen prevented the Charny family from giving any account of its previous history, and caused them even to acquiesce in the description of it as a mere picture or facsimile. But, on the other hand, the owners of stolen property do not generally seek to advertise the fact by bringing crowds together to view it, and in any case the alleged testimony of the artist remains unaccounted for.

Rambles Far Away.

II.¹

Il faut apprendre à voir, comme en musique on apprend à entendre.

Alfred Stevens.

DESPITE the eloquence of proverbs early rising is an accomplishment which, on the whole, counts few admirers; and, supposing the cynic to be right who declared that the consequences of the effort were to be conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon, the limitation of the practice is probably a benefit to society. Nevertheless there come times at which even lie-abed people are visited by a craving to look upon the face of the world at other than the familiar hours of normal daily life.

Some such more or less conscious motive it must have been that drove us from our beds one morning in July at the anything but familiar hour of three a.m. The mere mention of so matutinal a ramble will make many a British long-sleeper shudder; but those whose fate is cast in a country in which during the summer months activity for pleasure's sake ceases to be a pleasure after eight a.m., very soon find out that it is wisest to fit one's day to one's climate; and although the idea of Austrian Poland is far from suggesting heat, yet, during our short but occasionally intense summer, not even the shadow of the Carpathians can bring us refreshment.

It is no longer dark as we step out into the delicious coolness of the awakening world, but it is not yet light. A delicate grey transparency lies over the landscape; we seem to view its familiar features through a sheet of tinted glass. The oak wood to our left is one unbroken black mass, compact and motionless as the flank of a fortress, whose jagged top is cut out sharp against the still colourless sky. The things of night yet linger; a moth buzzes heavily against my ear, and behind that black wall owls are hooting mournfully, as they

¹ See THE MONTH, November, 1901.

have been doing ever since daylight went out. It is hard to say whether the air is fresher or softer; after the panting heat of yesterday afternoon the unwonted chill feels like a long-missed luxury. Before we have gone two steps in the grass our feet are drenched with dew, and all the time our eyes turn persistently to the East, spying for the first symptom of the new day.

It comes at no especial moment that we can seize. Very slowly the opaque sky grows transparent; the owls' cries become rarer and fainter,—they are beginning to believe at last that night is over. Before their voices have quite died away others take up another tale. At first it is only a drowsy sort of murmur, which suggests that the birds are talking in their sleep. Gradually the murmur swells, pierced here and there by a sharp, wide-awake chirp. Presently you might imagine yourself to be listening to the prelude of a concert, in which each performer is trying his instrument before setting to work. In a moment more we stand still to listen, all our faces upturned, as though at a word of command. Yes,—we have heard aright, it is indeed the lark's song that streams down upon us from some unseen height. Is that the signal for which the bird-orchestra has been waiting? Immediately the melodies begin to pour in on all sides.

Meanwhile our surroundings have become distinguishable. The black fortress to our left develops features. Through the loopholes in the wall, which with every instant is becoming less wall-like, a red glow burns at intervals, making one fancy that the interior of the stronghold is on fire. It is all that the density of the oak forest will let us see of what is happening in the East; but on the opposite height we become aware of a reflection that had not been there a moment ago; the road that winds up the cliff, from cold becomes warm, from grey, ruddy, and we know that the sun has risen.

Every bird-voice we are familiar with is around us now, from the shrill twitter of the chaffinch to the deep coo of the wood-pigeon, coming from the innermost fastnesses of the forest, which now indeed stands revealed as a forest, with every twig clearly traced, and brilliant with the morning's moisture. This coo is the only minor note in the joyous concert. Perhaps the wood-pigeon does not approve of early rising quite as much as do his feathered friends; the inflection of his voice certainly suggests a complaint for slumbers prematurely disturbed.

To judge from the busy flutter of wings among the grass and the brisk hopping about tree-roots, the early worms must be having a bad time of it, and the early insects too, for the sharp tap of the wood-pecker sounds right through the morning hymn. The day is beginning for every winged thing—except for one poor stricken little creature upon whose sufferings we stumble by chance. Under an oak-tree we catch sight of a small brown heap,—dead leaves? No,—there are no dead leaves at this season. A bundle of rags? No,—it is more like a bundle of feathers. We are close to it already when it moves, and, rearing itself up, confronts us with a pair of fierce, yellow eyes, emitting a sound, meanwhile, which is something between a hiss and a rattle. The terriers make a rush for the enticing object, but are severely checked, for the bundle of feathers has by this time clearly revealed itself as an evidently still youthful owl, whose eyes seem to glare defiance at us, although both its broken wings droop helplessly beside it. For him the night that has finished has been the last. Was it a stray dog, or a prowling fox, or perchance, a brother-owl who did this for him? What tragedy has been enacted beneath this oak-tree while we lay secure in our beds? Impossible to say; but here he lies, maimed and dying, bathed in the rays of the rising sun, mercilessly exposed to the detested daylight, from which he has lost the power of escaping. As we watch him, sympathetically, but at a respectful distance, because of the sharpness of that hooked beak, a momentary cloud falls upon the spirits of us rambles. This one victim of the night and its adventures somewhat spoils for us the glories of the sunrise. The defiance, almost the hatred in the big eyes of that little owl, who seems so loth to die, help in some vague way to make us feel half guilty of his end. A touch of pain and of disturbance has stolen into the serene and peaceable picture.

But we have a long ramble before us to-day, and therefore no time to waste in mourning over the inevitable. It is broad daylight by this time, and the face of the little stream that winds fitfully at the foot of the wood-crowned height to the right, has broken into millions of sparkling smiles. What an innocent babe it looks, babbling in its cradle of green! But do not be deceived by the peaceful ripple. That mountain-born infant can turn overnight—and not only overnight, but within the space of an hour—into a raging devastator. A week ago its turgid waves rolled so threateningly past the end of the

garden that I was quite prepared to see my gooseberry bushes riding upon their crests. At that time a horse would have had no difficulty in finding a watery grave at our very doors; whereas to-day, the terriers walk backwards and forwards across the stream, without taking more than a foot-bath.

It is not the terriers alone who take foot-baths, for we have decided to follow the course of the "Wolica," wherever it may lead us; and, since no path skirts the stream, the natural result is that the bed of the stream itself has to do duty as path. The border of sand or shingle is generally sufficient for our purpose, but occasionally this dies away, and we have the choice of either mounting the bank and breaking our way through a perfect jungle of bushes, or else of walking through the shallow water to the next convenient bit of beach,—and we invariably choose the latter course. After all, the Wolica cannot make our feet much wetter than the dew has already made them. A watery ramble indeed we are in for, and essentially calculated for a hot day, such as, even at this early hour, this promises to be.

In fantastic zig-zags the stream winds between the ruins of its own making. Whoever has seen pictures of a tropical torrent-bed on the morrow of a cyclone, seems to be looking upon a different edition of this same spectacle. The marks of a spent rage are around us: hollowed-out banks, from whose top the grass-roots hang in dense fringes; stacks of broken branches lodged among the bushes, where they have the appearance of monstrous birds' nests,—now and then a whole cluster of birches lying in a heap like so many broken white marble pillars, and one mighty oak, fallen headlong from the cliff above, and barring the rambler's passage with an impromptu bridge across the stream. Stretches of sand, so fine and smooth and so like a sea-shore that you are surprised not to find shells imbedded in it, alternate with banks of rough shingle,—dark-green pools in which the shadowy form of a crayfish lies motionless beside a stone, with shallow but murmuring rapids and tiny, foam-flecked cascades. We do not in reality cover much ground, for the capricious stream seems continually inclined to return upon its own steps, and along all its circuits we follow it conscientiously, with something of the pleasurable excitement of the explorer. At one place a fallen trunk has made so effectual a dam that the old bed lies as high and dry as though water had never come near it. At another the stream

has turned aside to form a small lake, in which the willows stand knee-deep, and on whose bottom the drowned flowers turn up their faces through the water, as though calling upon their luckier sisters for help. No lack of these wherever we turn our eyes; tall spires of lilac-bells sway gently upon the heights of the bank, clouds of ox-eye daisies fill every depression in the ground, feathery sprays of yellow vetches wrap the stoniest slopes in a veil of gold, wreaths of white convolvulus festoon the crooked old willows, making them look like so many ancient revellers, staggering home after some Bacchanalian carouse; even the prostrate carcasses of those whom the water has swept for ever off their feet, lie there wrapped in their festive garlands. In the hollows of old trunks the ragged-robin flourishes as though in elaborate flower-pots, and every blossom of every colour and shape sparkles almost blindingly under the ever-growing sun, for, in contradistinction to society beauties, those of the flower-world prefer to wear their diamonds in the morning. Wherever by chance there does not happen to be a flower, there is certain to be a clump of pink-headed grasses; while huge, coarse leaves, as broad as parasols and as rough to the touch as that of some animal's bristly back, make impenetrable thickets on the banks, and extend their shelter to many a promising water-snake family and many a shrinking newt. On all sides is an impression of luxuriant growth and of devastation. The only wonder is that the flowers find time to grow between the Wolica's paroxysms of rage. Almost it would seem itself to be abashed at its past excesses; as shame-facedly as a reformed drunkard, as timidly as a discharged lunatic it slinks along between the ruins, seeming ever and again to turn its face from the evidences of its own work.

It is not until, ceasing to hug the wooded cliff, it spreads itself between maize-fields into a more placid flow, that we begin to weary of our guide, who, in proportion as he grows well-behaved, seems also to grow dull.

The sun, too, is hot by this time, and the sandwiches which we have been far-seeing enough to put in our pockets, begin to appeal rather strenuously to our inner man. Climbing the now low and shadeless bank, we turn our faces towards the straw-covered huts which, at no great distance, cluster among the fruit-trees. Shade, rest, and refreshment are our chief present requirements, and we know a spot in the village which can afford us these.

Not all the houses are straw-thatched at K——; the priest's house and the erstwhile school-house form two estimable exceptions. I say "erstwhile," for although the day has been in which the A, B, C has been taught here, that day is past—at any rate for the present. Culture does not by any means always advance in a straight line, but in some countries is given to almost as many retrograding meanderings as the eccentric rivulet whose course we have just been following. It is one of those backward movements which has left the former seat of learning deserted.

I never can see the now lifeless face of the little white house without thinking of a day, now some three or four years back, in which my solitude was invaded by a crowd of small boys and girls in their best holiday attire, and very much upon their best behaviour. Their approach had been heralded a few days earlier by an individual with highly pomaded hair, and in a brown frock-coat, whose elegance, no doubt, was sufficient compensation for the oppression which it could not help engendering upon so fine a summer's day. He had an antediluvian looking chimney-pot hat in his hand, and had forgotten to turn down the edges of his Sunday trowsers, a circumstance which, quite against my will, acquainted me with the fact that he considered socks to be dispensable articles of attire. So utterly unlike was he to any visitor I could remember having received, that I am afraid I must have stared rather hard, both at him and at his head-gear, but quickly recovered myself when he introduced himself as the K—— schoolmaster. The very first words he spoke quite cured me of an inclination to laughter against which I had been struggling. Although he was a young man his breath came from his lips with a strange whistling sound, which plainly said that his windpipe was attacked, and after every few words he breathed painfully and noisily, while something seemed to be labouring hard under the brown frock-coat. It was quite enough to turn him from a figure of fun into one of pathetic interest.

He had come to ask for an "enormous favour," as he himself put it,—and at the words I began to tremble before visions of school-feasts which I was going to be asked to attend, or of possible prizes that I should be expected to distribute.

The reality was not so bad as my fears. All he wanted was the permission to bring his scholars here some afternoon in the week, in order to improve their budding minds by the sight of

what he was naïve enough to designate as a "model farm." In vain did I protest against so crushing a compliment, in vain point out to him that, whatever this small plot of land might become in the future, it was as yet scarcely out of its embryo stage,—nothing could shake his belief in the perfection of my arrangements.

"Everything that the gracious lady does is sure to be well done," he told me, with that peculiarly patient smile which so often goes along with bodily suffering, and which lighted up his poor, sickly countenance like sunshine.

"If you are hungry for machinery, you are certain to be disappointed," I assured him. "We have a threshing-machine, of course, and a turnip-cutter, and we have lately set up a small circular wood-saw——"

"I knew it!" he interrupted me triumphantly. "That in itself will be worth ten lessons to the children. And then you also have cows and fruit-trees."

"We have," I admitted, "but it seems to me that they are very like the cows and fruit-trees of other people."

His ardour was not to be damped, however, and presently we fixed the day.

"Don't raise their expectations, whatever you do," was my parting injunction, "unless you want them to be woefully disappointed."

Strangely enough they were not disappointed, which I ascribe far more to a preconceived determination to be pleased than to any especial merits about either my cows or my fruit-trees. After all, although the ways of the Ruthenian peasant are apt to be acutely trying to the temper of the average civilized being, there are a few undoubted advantages in living in a land in which order and method are almost unknown quantities. Where untidiness reigns supreme even a very moderate amount of order goes a long way by mere force of contrast, shining like a welcome island amid a turbulent ocean.

The small army of scholars who marched in at my gates on that summer afternoon, as eager and as smart as Alice's oysters—

Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd because you know—

—although they *had* feet, they hadn't any shoes to put upon them—seemed absolutely and entirely delighted with everything

they saw. They gaped at my circular saw, beamed upon my strawberry beds, and seemed struck with wonder, almost with awe, at the sight of my pig-stye, and of my cow-byre. That there should not be a single hole in the roof of the latter, and that the inhabitants of the former should not be encrusted with dirt, evidently was to these young minds a revelation. I don't believe any of them had ever seen a really clean pig in his life.

Although my ignorance of Ruthenian cut me off from full comprehension, it was evident from the painful efforts at speech he was making and the laboured whistling of his breath that my friend in the brown frock-coat was doing his best to improve the occasion in the interest of the young mind. The male portion of the party—picturesque in white linen, broad leather belts, and gold braid on their round felt hats—followed closely upon his heels, while the little girls—still more picturesque, as it becomes little girls to be, their long, square aprons varying in every shade of red from a tint as bright as a field-poppy to one as dark as the deepest hollyhock, and with the sunbeams sparkling upon their glass-bead necklaces—stood under the guidance of a schoolmistress who looked almost young enough to be at school herself, and who, covered with confusion at the novelty of the situation, made no attempt whatever to emulate the efforts of the schoolmaster, but stared and wondered as frankly as any of her own scholars. The teeth which, at every pretty gape of amazement, became visible, were as white as peeled almonds, and the lips between which they flashed forth as glistening as cherries newly gathered, and when I had noted that, in addition, she had a pair of delightfully shy, coal-black eyes, I began straightway, after an incorrigible habit, to weave a romance. Since the daily work of the long-coated, short-breathed schoolmaster lay alongside that of this rosy-cheeked pedagogue, what more probable than that the black eyes should have made an impression?

Before these two had been half an hour within my gates I had settled that they were to be a pair, and already I saw him nursed back into health by those plump little hands, now so obviously bursting through the pearl-grey thread gloves. Mere contact with so exuberantly healthy a creature ought surely to work better than a whole shopful of drugs.

Alas, it was to come otherwise. Not six months after the juvenile invasion of my premises the same little boys and girls

who had walked about after their teacher in my garden and stable-yard, followed his coffin to the grass-grown churchyard of K—.

After his disappearance from the scene the little white schoolhouse seemed to close its doors automatically. I suppose the youthful schoolmistress was considered unable to grapple single-handed with the educational problem, and some difficulty must have arisen in filling up the vacant place. At times when teachers' ranks happen to be thin it is only natural that spots nearer to the centres of civilization should be supplied, in preference to such out-of-the-way places as K—. Be this as it may, there were, for the present, at least, no more tears shed between these particular walls over the thorny Greek alphabet, and the wearers of white linen trowsers and scarlet aprons returned—perhaps unregretfully—to the mixed leisure and labour of their straw-covered huts. The black-eyed mistress flitted away to some other field of action, possibly to the side of some other admiring fellow-worker. As I have observed before, the stream of culture has its freaks. It is only where the banks have been well regulated that its course becomes steady; in parts of the world where no such precautions have been taken, the smallest obstacle suffices to turn aside its course. The lifeless form of that brown-coated schoolmaster had done it, as effectually as the prostrate tree-trunk we saw this morning served to send the stream in another direction, leaving the old bed high and dry.

As, hot and hungry, we reach the K— school-house to-day, its deserted look has, however, little power to depress our spirits. A quiet spot on which to eat our sandwiches is all we crave of fate, and this we have found.

The house stands a little back from the deep-cut village lane, behind a hedge of hawthorn gone wild, its doubtfully white face bathed in the morning sun. The front entrance consists of a wooden porch, flanked on either side by a low, broad window. The door is not only fastened securely, but even the chinks in the wood are smeared over with clay,—perhaps in guise of an official seal, and as though more effectually to emphasize the stoppage of business here. Peering in through the dirty window-panes we can see empty rooms with one or two unframed prints still on the white-washed walls. On a window-sill a broken tumbler and a few cunningly coloured Easter eggs—a product of art in which the Ruthenian

excels,—these are the only remnants of human habitation. The most juvenile member of our party stretches a hand in through a broken pane and makes a grab at one of the eggs in order to examine it more closely; but the egg eludes him and rolls on to the ground, its fall echoing with weird hollow-ness through the dismantled spaces. A piece of mortar has been knocked off one of the walls, laying bare the woodwork, which is plainly crumbling away under the ravages of dry-rot. Along the whole back of the house runs an open wooden gallery, now still half-full of last year's maize straw, which some neighbour has found convenient to store here. In front, on the little plot of ground between the house and the hedge, which has almost become a forest, traces of cultivation are still to be espied,—the blurred images of flower-beds, round and oval, now melting into each other and into the paths. A few gaunt and degenerate survivors of other days can be seen in the shape of an attenuated hollyhock, or a dwarfed pansy, but they have cast all law and order from them, and have changed their original places in a bewildering fashion, according as the fancy moved them, or rather as the wind has chanced to carry the seed. Thus an asparagus stands beside a larkspur, where it certainly has not been sown, and a sun-flower has sprung up so near the entrance steps that it seems inclined to force its way into the empty school-house, despite locked doors and official seals. A few riotous lilac bushes and one fine acacia to the left of the house help to conjure up a picture of other days. To the right lies a little orchard which regularly every autumn is robbed of all its fruit by the neighbours, but otherwise obviously left to its will, with unkempt branches interlacing and shutting out the light from the starved and meagre grass.

As peacefully seated on the steps of the porch and under its shadow, we consume our much-needed sandwiches it almost seems to me that I can see a brown-coated figure flitting about among the half-defaced flower-beds,—a ghost among ghosts—patiently and resignedly smiling at the wreck of his own work. Even the little that remains of it is enough to set one dreaming of what the little domain might become if human life and human care were ever to come back to it.

DOROTHEA GERARD.

*A Jesuit Unmasked.*¹

A LONG acquaintance with the seamy side of human nature necessarily brings one into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, therefore it is not to be wondered at that there have been times in the course of my varied career, when I found myself in touch with members of that powerful organization, the Jesuit Society. Under the suspicious heading of "Stout," there are a lot of letters tied up in a bundle in my drawer, which if given to the world might throw not a little light on the character of that world-famed body. I was forcibly reminded of the existence of these letters one afternoon in the summer of 1886, during a visit paid to me by a wealthy elderly gentleman named Ebenezer Prout, well known in certain circles as the chief patron of the "Anti-Idolaters' Association." His money had in fact founded the Association, and *his* money, joined to certain doubtful subscriptions, paid all the salaries of the various officials connected with it. As he was fabulously rich and had never done anything to deserve his wealth, beyond permitting himself to be born to it, no one was much the worse for the reckless expenditure entailed in the circulation of the books and pamphlets published on *behalf* of the Association, and *against* the machinations of the Jesuits. Never did such a terrible tribe inhabit any portion of the earth as those Jesuits appeared in the publications of the A.I.A. The man who did the paragraphing was evidently a humourist of the highest class, for it needs exceptional talent to produce matter that will make one half of the world smile and the other half sad.

As I had often, during my somewhat chequered life, been warned to be on my guard against Jesuit snares, I had of course thought myself sufficiently primed to do without the assistance of the works scattered abroad by the Anti-Idolaters Association, a fact which seemed fairly to astound Mr. Ebenezer Prout when I told him of it.

¹ A paper taken from the desk of the late Albert Coles, Private Detective.

"I must send them to you *at once*," he said, gaping with astonishment.

"Pray do so," I replied; "they are sure to be of *some* use."

"My chief object in calling on you to-day, Mr. Coles," he went on, "was to engage your valuable services on behalf of the Association of which I am both the patron and the founder. We have reason to believe, on the best authority, that two or three hundred of these nefarious Jesuits are shortly coming over from Italy to uproot the Christian standard from the heart of this country, and to sow their pernicious doctrines broadcast in every town and village throughout the land."

"You astound me!" I said, gazing curiously at his enthused features and his earnest manner.

"Alas! I fear it is too true," he rejoined. "Something *must* be done; the country must be *warned*; the Government must be *roused*; action *must* be taken to prevent it!"

"Probably the matter is slightly exaggerated," I ventured to suggest.

"Exaggerated, sir! look at that!" And he immediately produced a pamphlet with a blood-red cover, the headlines of which I at once observed were identical in phrase with the words he had just used.

"This certainly looks suspicious," I remarked, as I cast my eye over the leaves.

"It's *outrageous*, sir!—it's not to be borne! And the *Government*, sir, is as supine on the matter as if there were not a Jesuit in existence."

"Well,—what do you suggest doing?" I asked.

"Hang them all, sir, I say;—hang them all!"

"The *Government*?"

"No, sir,—these nefarious Jesuits."

"The cost of such a proceeding would be enormous," I remarked, "as you would surely have them put on trial first!"

"No, sir,—I would *not*! I would hang them without trial."

Pulling out my watch and exhibiting symptoms of impatience, I observed: "In that case, Mr. Prout, I am afraid I can be of very little assistance to you. I am not the hangman; and if I were, the Jesuits themselves might strongly object to my dealing with them that way. Their end, in that case, might not seem to them to justify the means."

"But you *can* be of assistance," he retorted; "I want you to find out something for me."

"Ah! that will probably be more in my line," I replied.

"I want you to find out," he whispered, as he glanced nervously round the room to look for listeners, "whether Mr. Wegstone is a Jesuit or not."

"Mr. Wegstone—the eminent statesman?" I asked in astonishment.

"Yes, sir!" he responded, sharply. "I hear that he has been an agent of the Jesuits for forty years!"

I looked at him for a moment to see if I could detect one gleam of common-sense in his eye, and concluding his case was hopeless, I replied, "I do not think, sir, there is the slightest necessity for me to put myself to any trouble in finding *that* out for you."

"Then he *is*—he *is* a Jesuit!" he exclaimed, fiercely.

I was only mortal—it is human to err—and the lie was so ready to hand that I could not help it slipping out, so I solemnly said:

"He *is*!"

"You *know* it?" he gasped.

"No one better!" I replied.

"And his *wife*?" he asked, eagerly.

"His wife, his daughter, and his maiden aunt," looking keenly at the carpet to see if I could find any more "casuistry" in the pattern.

"I thought so!" he said, with a sigh, as he sank back in the easy chair, clasping his hands, and looking a picture of unutterable misery. It seemed to me the strangest sight I had ever witnessed,—a twice-told millionaire swamped in a storm of self-made distress. He was hugging the delusion with such absolute honesty, that I really began to pity him. I felt, however, that the only chance of his becoming a sane member of society again, was to mix up some more balls of pitch, and feed his *bête noire* with them till the monster exploded.

I walked to my desk, drew out the before-mentioned letters, and exhibiting the packet to him, remarked: "Here, sir, is something which I will lend to you to take home and read at your leisure. It is a bundle of letters, all written to a friend of mine by a certain Jesuit. You must promise me to let no one see them but yourself. If you read them from beginning

to end, I feel sure that they will fairly astound you. But don't forget to return them to me when you have done with them."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, his eyes gloating as he eagerly grasped the packet of letters. "*Written by a Jesuit*, you say? I have often longed to get hold of something in their own handwriting that might incriminate them. I will read them carefully. No doubt they reveal many of their base and secret designs."

"Yes, sir," I replied. "You will find useful information in those letters. You will learn how it is that every Jesuit has a kink in his moral and intellectual faculties. You will see what prevents him from distinguishing between right and wrong—between truth and hypocrisy. No doubt you have heard of the kinking process to which they all have to submit?"

"Good gracious me, no!" he answered. "What is that?"

"You haven't heard of it!" I exclaimed. "Well, you surely know, Mr. Prout, that a kink is a slight distortion of the brain?"

He nodded a sort of dubious assent, and I went on: "Every Jesuit, before binding himself to the Order, and previous to taking the scarlet oath—you have heard of the scarlet oath, of course?—something equivalent to the black veil, you know!—has to submit to the operation of trepanning."

"Dear me! what is that for?" inquired the awe-struck listener.

"In order that the usual notions which govern mankind may be extracted, and ideas in accordance with his new state of life be put back in their place."

"But how is that done?"

"A slight portion of the brain is taken from the right side of the head, and a minute particle of some irritant poison inserted. The wound is immediately closed, and as soon as it is healed, the intellectual faculties are found to be impaired, the judgment of the patient is warped, and the end with him ever afterwards justifies the means. Lying, dissimulation, avarice, homicide, and the whole catalogue of vices then appear to him as virtues. His will power has gone, and with that has fled all moral responsibility. He is then only answerable to his immediate Superior, who, in his turn, is under the mesmeric influence of the General of the Order. In that way, you see, the Society form not only one body, but one will. If the General wants a king or an emperor removed out of his way, he simply points to a portion of the map, and his wish is immediately understood. Not a single word is spoken, yet all

the same, in some far-off land, some subordinate straight away carries out his wish. The king—or the emperor, as the case may be—is removed, and the world wags on as if nothing had happened.”

“It’s infamous, Mr. Coles,—truly infamous!”

“It is,—in *deed*!” I responded lugubriously, and then went on: “But if you or I, now, wanted to become lay members of the Order, without forsaking our ordinary vocations, we should not have to be *kinked*.”

It seemed to me that poor Prout here gave a sigh of satisfaction, which however soon passed to a look of indescribable horror as I proceeded: “Our heads would simply be shaved, and we should be compelled, under a threat of the most fearful penalties, to stand beneath some dripping water till our reason gave way, and we were no longer responsible for our actions. In that state the scarlet oath would be administered to us; and then, when our hair had grown again, we should be allowed to resume our occupations, but with all sense of right and wrong completely distorted, and all our feeling deadened.”

“It’s horrible to think of, sir—*horrible*!” the sympathetic old gentleman remarked, continuing: “I declare I feel inclined to shoot the first Jesuit I come across!”

“*Shoot* a Jesuit, sir? Dear me!—didn’t you know that they were bullet proof? They have all been plunged from head to foot in *aqua maris*, the strongest solution of *chloridium sodii*, rendering them perfectly invulnerable. You couldn’t make an impression on them with a Martini-Henry at three thousand yards, if you tried. The nerve fibres of a Jesuit, who has taken the scarlet oath, are as tough as his conscience; he knows neither shame, fear, nor feeling.”

“In fact, he is a monster and a brute!” chimed in the horror-stricken Prout.

“He is exactly what you will find him portrayed in those letters I have lent you. And, by the way, Mr. Prout, after you have read them, I should advise you to peruse the pages of a certain Alphonsus Rodriguez, a member of the Jesuit Order. You might, in fact, procure the work on your way home, as you can get it at any respectable publisher’s. That will show you what Jesuits really are. Some of them, of course, having a little human nature left in them, do not go to the full length of the instructions laid down there; but, at any rate, the book will expose their secrets to your gaze. The end of the Society, its

aims, the reason of its wonderful success,—all their various practices will be laid bare to you if you only read that book.”

“Alphonsus Rodriguez?” he queried. “Why, I have never heard of him!”

“That is not surprising,” I said, “when one considers the secret way in which Jesuits disseminate their works.” I then went on: “But get the book if you want clearly to understand what distorted minds are allowed to inhabit the earth.” Here I lowered my voice to a whisper: “*I am told that in most of their establishments they have passages read to them at their chief meal, to excite their Jesuitical instincts!* Take particular notice of chapter the sixteenth, section the fourth, in book the first. It will open your eyes as they were never opened before; and the utility of the Association, of which you are the distinguished patron and the chief support, will come home to you in a light that will dazzle you, if it does not illumine your pathway in life.”

“Sir—how can I ever repay you for all your information and your kindness in lending me these?” And he clutched the packet of letters as if they were a Papal Bull, his eyes glistening at the prospect of the secrets they were to unfold.

“Well,” I replied, “my ordinary charge for an interview is a guinea an hour, but”—placing my hand on his arm as I saw him fumbling for his purse—“under the circumstances, I think it would scarcely be fair for me to accept any fee just yet.”

“I am delighted to find, Mr. Coles, that you are not a mercenary man.”

Assuming as lofty a tone as I could command, I replied: “No, there are times when I cannot afford to be.”

I saw that he cast a sharp dubious glance in my direction at this response, so ringing the bell hastily, I gravely bowed him to the door of my sanctum and bid him good day. He had negotiated a mountain with ease—I did not want him to shy at a molehill.

Scene: The same. Time: Ten or eleven days afterwards.

“Good morning, Mr. Coles. My name is Prout, Anastasia Prout. I have brought you a small package from my father, who I understand paid you a visit about a fortnight ago. You probably remember him.”

“Prout?” I replied dreamily—“Prout?” Then memory

coming to my aid, I added: "I have some *reminiscences* of a *father* of that name. Is he quite well, might I ask?" And I held out my hand for the sealed package.

"Well, I don't really know what is the matter with him," the lady replied. "He is certainly *not* ill; but he has been doing most extraordinary things of late, *ever since he paid you that visit*," she added with marked emphasis.

"Dear me! what has he been doing, then?" I asked.

Here she adjusted her glasses, and putting on a solemn and horrified expression, she gave me a searching glance as she remarked: "He has withdrawn his support from the Anti-Idolaters' Association!"

"You don't say so!" I gasped, assuming a similar air to that which I fancied I might have worn had I been suddenly told that the world were coming to an end. I then went on: "Will his withdrawal in any way interfere with the work of that Association?"

"As he refuses to pay the printer's last bill, and declines to be any more responsible for the rent of the offices, I should think it *will*," she retorted with a snap. The tone of asperity in which this was said caused me to glance somewhat earnestly at the lady. I could see that she *was* a lady: there was that indefinable air about her which one naturally associates with wealth and good breeding. But it needed very little acumen to discern that she was also one of those fussy, well-meaning individuals, far advanced in the stages of that common complaint, known to science under the name of *Vie que videntur hominibus recta*, the termination of which is supposed to produce total collapse. Not being a medical man, I did not feel myself called upon to prescribe for a cerebral indisposition with a name of that length. I only said: "Of course, that appears to you rather a pity."

"It is pitiable in the extreme!" she replied. "It will, in fact, cause the Association to be broken up."

"I *have* noticed," I remarked, "in the various countries in which I have sojourned, that these kinds of Associations generally do break up when there are no more funds to support them."

"You must have been a very observant man!" she retorted with a certain amount of feminine sarcasm.

"Yes," I responded, a little conceitedly, "I have always looked into things pretty closely."

"Pray, would you mind telling me," she next asked, "what is that sealed package which my father point-blank refused to let me examine?"

"Certainly," I replied, "it is a packet of letters written by a gentleman of the name of *Stout*."

"*Was* he a Jesuit?" she queried sharply.

"*He is*," I rejoined.

"*Are you?*" she snapped.

"Not that I am aware of," I answered with a smile.

"Well, then—*I believe my father is*."

"What makes you think that?"

"He has done nothing for the past eight or nine days but pore over a musty old volume, written some centuries ago by one of those horrid Jesuits."

"That wouldn't *make* him a Jesuit would it?" I queried.

"I don't know," she said; "it's a suspicious circumstance; and, excuse me, but I believe *you* are the cause of it."

"Madam," I replied, "if I could cause several thousand more moon-struck individuals, in every grade of society, to dip their oblique-shaped minds into that old world volume, I should not feel that I had done anything to reproach myself with."

"*You are a Jesuit!*" she shrieked, rising from her chair; "I was *sure* of it! Let me out!"

"Even if I were the General of the Order, madam," I said "there is nothing in the world to prevent you from leaving my company at any moment you choose."

"I have *unmasked* you!" she exclaimed in a tone of hysterical triumph, as she moved across the room.

"The disgrace of your discovery is *awful*," I assured her, as I courteously opened the door; "but I will try to bear it."

"*Jesuit!*" was the last word I caught, as she swept through the hall-door towards her carriage.

When last I heard of her benevolent old father, he was reported to be hovering daily in the neighbourhood of — Square. I cannot help feeling uneasy about him as, from information received, I believe that there is a flourishing Jesuit establishment concealed somewhere in that quarter. Is it possible he can have become a——*no*, surely not! *Yet why did he enclose that ten-pound note in the returned packet of letters?*

The Suppression of the Society of Jesus.

XII.—THE CONCLAVE OF 1769 (3).

WE have now reached the final stage of the Conclave, and have to see by what process of transformation and development Ganganelli's election, which at one time seemed hopeless, was carried at length by a unanimous vote. Towards the end of April, and just before the arrival of the Spaniards, there reached the Ambassadors from Madrid a second list¹ in which the names of the Cardinals were tabulated according to the place they held in the estimation of the Spanish Court. This revision was the result of the weekly letters sent to Madrid by Azpuru and Azara. It divided the Cardinals into the same four classes as before, but arranged the names differently in one or two cases. An accompanying letter explained that the details of the arrangement had been well considered, and that the Crown Cardinals were to strive first for the success of the name placed first on the list; if they failed with this name, then for that next on the list; and so on till the names in the first and second classes were exhausted. On the other hand, should the Conclave show a disposition to elect one whose name was set in the third class, it was to be informed that if such an election were persisted in, the case would arise for the Ambassadors to withdraw to Frascati; whilst if it strove to carry a name in the fourth class, the representative of one of the three Courts was to deliver a formal *veto* on behalf of his Court. With this explanation we transcribe from Theiner² the list in question.

FIRST CLASS. (Papabiles.)

Sersale, Malvezzi, Cavalchini, Neri Corsini, Conti, Ganganelli, Perelli, Branciforte, Negroni, Carracciolo, Andrea Corsini; (subsidiary), Stoppani.

¹ D'Aubeterre communicated it to his Cardinals on April 23rd. Theiner, *Histoire du Pontificat du Clément XIV.* vol. i. p. 225.

² *Ibid.*

SECOND CLASS. (Indifferents.)

Pallavicini, Canali, Guglielmi, York, Pamphili.

THIRD CLASS. (To be avoided.)

Oddi, de Rossi, Pozzobonelli, Serbelloni, Pirelli, Durini, Lante, Calini, Veterani, Molino, Priuli, delle Lanze, Spinola, Borromeo, M. A. Colonna.

THIRD CLASS. (To be excluded.)

Torregiani, Boschi, Castelli, Buonacorsi, Chigi, Fantuzzi, Buffalini, Rezzonico, Alexander Albani, J. F. Albani.

On comparing this list with the previous list, given in the November article, it will be observed (1) that seven out of the eight Cardinals who then formed the fourth class, and were described as lacking the personal gifts requisite in a Pope, are now exalted to the first or second class; (2) that Malvezzi, one of the seven, is put second on the entire list, an assignment which we shall find readily intelligible later on when we learn how he treated the Jesuits at Bologna; (3) that Cavalchini's place on the list is evidently due to the counsels of Roda, who had recommended¹ him as one who would make no difficulties about at once suppressing the Society, and who, although so aged, might live long enough to alter the balance of opinion in the Sacred College by the creation of new Cardinals pleasing to the Crowns; (4) that, inasmuch as Cavalchini (aged 86), Neri Corsini (aged 84), and Conti (aged 80, and besides in his dotage),² were most unlikely to secure a sufficiency of votes, Ganganelli, though nominally placed sixth, was practically placed third, or rather, he was practically placed first, since he was the first candidate on the list whom the Conclave were in any way likely to accept—Sersale and Malvezzi being quite impossible.

It was with this list in their hands and, as we learn from Bernis,³ nineteen or twenty votes at their command, that the Crown Cardinals, now that the serious business of the Election was allowed to commence, began to work the ballots in the interest of their Courts. Theiner has reprinted from the original archives of the Conclave a table giving the results of the evening scrutinies

¹ Ferrer del Rio, *El reinado de Carlos III.* tom. ii. p. 267.

² In the first list Choiseul marks both Conti and Neri Corsini as "impossible." See *THE MONTH* for Nov. p. 533.

³ De Bernis to Choiseul, of April 5th, ap. Masson, *Le Cardinal de Bernis depuis son Ministère*, p. 98. This number is apparently made up of the votes of the five Crown Cardinals and of those placed in Categories I. and II. of the revised list.

for every day between April 27th and May 18th. It will assist us to understand the tactics of the Crown Cardinals, and is here subjoined.¹

	Fantuzzi.	Colonna.	Pozzobonelli.	Stoppani.	Ganganelli.
April 27	10	9	6	5	5
28	9	9	7	6	4
29	8	11	4	5	4
30	8	11	4	5	4
May 1	9	11	4	4	4
2	9	11	4	4	4
3	9	9	4	5	4
4	9	10	4	5	4
5	10	9	3	4	4
6	11	6	4	7	4
7	7	8	4	6	4
8	5	9	3	6	4
9	5	11	4	6	4
10	4	11	5	7	4
11	3	11	6	5	5
12	5	11	6	6	6
13	5	13	6	7	6
14	4	11	9	8	10
15	4	11	9	11	10
16	4	11	8	8	10
17	1	12	12	5	10
18	1	13	11	6	19

It appears from this list that, apart from Ganganelli, four names were prominent in the voting-lists during the last three weeks of the Conclave. Of these Fantuzzi, Colonna, and Pozzobonelli were the candidates of the Zelanti Cardinals, and it may be wondered why, when the situation was so critical, this party did not concentrate its strength on a single name. Theiner's theory, founded presumably on the conjectures of Orsini, is that they were divided among themselves by personal jealousies, but it is more likely that they were putting forward several candidates with the view of discovering which would be acceptable to the Crown Cardinals—who, it will be remembered, whilst threatening a schism in the contingency of an unwelcome candidate being elected, persistently refused to state beforehand what names would be regarded as belonging to this category. And if such was the motive of the Zelanti

¹ Theiner. *ibid.* The figures for the scrutiny of May 18th cannot be altogether correct, for there were forty-six Cardinals only in the Conclave at the time of the Election, whereas the aggregate of the votes recorded is, according to Theiner's list, 50. Probably the excess should be deducted from the votes ascribed to Colonna and Pozzobonelli. The votes ascribed to Ganganelli are at all events correct. When in the voting of the previous scrutinies the aggregate is less than 46, we may infer that the remaining votes were either scattered among other candidates, or given to "No one."

they were not left long in uncertainty. In the list which the Court party had in their hands Fantuzzi's name was down as one of the eleven who were the most objectionable of all, whilst Colonna's and Pozzobonelli's were in the division of those who were only less unpalatable and such that the election of any one of them, should it come to pass, was to be met by the withdrawal of the Ambassadors to Frascati. Accordingly, on April 29th when, says Theiner, Fantuzzi's chances were good, d'Aubeterre wrote to Orsini, "It is certain that, if they force us to it by an election disagreeable to the Courts, I shall leave Rome at once. My intention is in that case to go to Frascati, and I imagine that will also be the retreat of your Eminence. If M. Azpuru likes to come with me, I shall offer him hospitality, . . . but I always hope that there will be a sufficiency of wise people in the Conclave to stop the fanatics."¹ And de Bernis, in a letter to d'Aubeterre of May 8th, tells us how faithfully the Crown Cardinals had carried out his orders: "Yesterday evening I took the course of speaking so strongly of the departure of the Ministers from Rome, and of the renewal of the declaration (to that effect) made eight days ago . . . that fear has seized our adversaries. Fantuzzi has had but few votes in the scrutiny (to-day). We renewed the declaration all together to John Francis Albani, who holds the office of sub-dean, and who answered us like an angel."² Reference to the voting list shows that Fantuzzi's votes began to fall off from that time, and de Bernis in the same letter tells us that this Cardinal personally intervened and withdrew his candidature." For Colonna and Pozzobonelli votes continued to be given, but it was a foregone conclusion that they could not succeed, as it was well understood that the Courts would not have them; and on May 12th we find d'Aubeterre assuming as much, and already looking forward to the next candidates whom the Zelanti might bring forward. "We must now see which of his creatures Rezzonico will put forward next. If he thinks to draw us out of our hostility by force of making us reject candidates, he on his side will fall into downright contempt for having let his creatures fall to the ground."³

In the midst of all this unhallowed manœuvring it is refresh-

¹ Theiner, *ibid.* p. 234.

² Ap. Crétineau-Joly, *op. cit.* p. 357.

³ Theiner, *ibid.* p. 234.

ing to hear that there were members of the Conclave who could speak the language of Christian sincerity, and on the following day we find de Bernis writing back to d'Aubeterre and saying: "Cardinal Rezzonico has told us that our way of thinking would not hinder him from proposing Cardinal Colonna, if he could obtain a sufficiency of votes, and that he would have no regard for the sentiments of the Courts, but much regard for the sentiments of the Sacred College, and his conscience. I had much difficulty in getting rid of him. Nothing would appease him, and he said that it was for us to act as we would, and for him to act as his conscience dictated."¹ The end however was nearer than either side imagined, and apart from Stoppani and Ganganelli no more names came before the electors.

Of Stoppani it is not necessary to say much. He seems to have been a worthy man, but the fact of his appearing on the Spanish list as a "subsidiary" to the first division implies that the Court party had some ground for hoping that he would prove an anti-Jesuit Pope. De Bernis and Orsini, who, as we shall see, were doubtful about Ganganelli, were attracted towards Stoppani, and probably it was through their action that his name came to figure on the lists. Nevertheless, his candidature did not make much progress, partly because the Zelanti were suspicious of his relations with the French, partly perhaps because d'Aubeterre became dissatisfied with him for refusing to give the written promise,² but chiefly (no doubt) because the candidature of Ganganelli was deemed preferable.

Regularly in each scrutiny from the commencement of the Conclave until April 27th this Cardinal received two or three votes and never more. During the next sixteen days this number slightly increased, yet never rose above six. But on May 14th it suddenly rose to ten, and again after remaining at this figure for four more days, took another leap to nineteen, the highest number recorded for any Cardinal so far. We have to see how this sudden change was brought about.

¹ *Carayon's Documents inédits sur la Compagnie de Jésus.* Doc. xviii. p. 183.

² "None of the Cardinals have gone so far as to propose to any one that the Suppression should be secured by a written or spoken promise, although the French Ambassador has through various channels solicited the same of Stoppani, as he himself (*i.e.*, d'Aubeterre) told me, and I have already informed your Excellency." (Azpuru to Grimaldi, May 18th, ap. Danvila, *Reinado de Carlos III.* tom. iii. p. 327.) It is not said here whether Stoppani refused or not, but it may be presumed that he did, especially as otherwise his candidature would have been more zealously promoted.

The point is one on which Theiner has a theory which he announces in the following magnificent passage—"Whilst human passions were agitating on either side with the utmost activity, Divine Providence took in hand the man of its choice, and conducted him by wonderful ways of justice to the infallible throne of truth on which he was so soon to sit, and for which he had been predestined since the origin of time."¹ In a sense every Papal Election, even that of Alexander VI., is ascribable to Divine Providence. But of course what Theiner means is that the selection of Ganganelli for the Papacy was brought about so unexpectedly, and in a manner so much in despite of all human calculations, that it can only be explained by supposing some very special intervention of Divine Providence swaying the hearts of the electors and impelling them to vote contrary to their natural propensities. In other words, Theiner wishes us to understand that Cardinal Ganganelli, though the man destined in the Providence of God to defeat all their schemes for preserving the Society, was the choice not of the Crown Cardinals, but of the Zelanti, and was carried by their votes to the Papal throne.

In proof of his theory Theiner lays special stress on a letter sent from within the Conclave by Orsini to d'Aubeterre on May 16th, the day when he tells us the election of Ganganelli was first seriously considered. "I believe," writes Orsini, "that all the attempts of which I have spoken remaining without effect, Rezzonico is beginning to speak of Ganganelli. I shall be attentive to see if the rumour takes consistency."² And in a postscript he adds, "After I had written the above letter, Cardinal Albani came to me and made a long discourse on the subject of Ganganelli, saying that he might be elected Pope within two or three days, and that the Crowns made no opposition. I replied that the time had not yet come for us to pronounce on the subject. He then began to expound to me the reasons why the Courts should be satisfied. These reasons were his opposition to the Jesuits, his attachment to Don Manuel de Roda, his quality as Postulator of the Cause of the Venerable Palafox, and different other things to which I answered nothing. Albani added afterwards that nearly all the Old College³ would vote for him as well as a great portion of the New, to which I replied, 'Let Rezzonico propose him.'"

¹ *Ibid.* p. 236.

² *Ibid.*

³ By the Old College were meant the Cardinals created by the predecessors of the late Pope, by the New College those created by himself.

This passage shows indeed a certain readiness on the part of the Zelanti to give their votes to Ganganelli, even though they suspected him of anti-Jesuit proclivities,¹ but inasmuch as the Courts by dint of threats and exclusions had rendered so many previous attempts ineffectual and so many other candidatures impracticable, it hardly requires a theory of semi-miraculous intervention to explain why this party should have at last turned their attention to one who may well have appeared to them the best of the few still left to their choice. The Holy See had now been vacant for three months and a half, and it was becoming imperatively necessary to provide it with another occupant without further delay. And that this was the motive which finally determined them to support Cardinal Ganganelli can be established directly from another source, for Cordara in the work quoted lower down tells us J. F. Albani said to him, "We could not make a good Pope as we wished; and we did not want to make a bad one; so we made the best we could find among the doubtful candidates."

In fact, however, it was not the Zelanti party but the Spaniards who initiated Ganganelli's candidature, as Cardinal de Solis himself tells us in a letter to Azpuru dated June 28th. This was a communication evoked by the desire of Carlos III. to know exactly what happened during the eventful last two days of the Conclave, and it will be well to give the text in its entirety.

The Cardinals of the three Crowns had agreed together that it would be impossible for Sersale or Cavalchini ever to become Pope, whilst Fantuzzi and Colonna had been informally² excluded, and opposition was offered to Stoppani by the adherents of Rezzonico and J. F. Albani, who were strongly moved thereto by the belief that the French, as they had published, were pledged to obtain his elevation. Under these circumstances Cardinal de Solis, in a meeting of the Crown Cardinals, proposed Cardinal Ganganelli as a candidate worthy of the tiara, both because of the combination of suitable qualities which

¹ It may, however, be as Orsini evidently suspected, that Albani in putting forward these reasons for Ganganelli's acceptability to the Courts, was merely trying to draw Orsini, and so find out whether it was a fact that Ganganelli had these proclivities and was being put forward by the Spaniards on account of some secret understanding.

² A formal exclusion would have been made by the formal *veto* which each of the three Catholic Powers—France, Spain, and Germany—were entitled to exercise *once* during a Conclave. By an "informal" exclusion de Solis meant the kind of exclusion the Courts were arbitrarily exercising during that particular Conclave through their threats to refuse recognition.

adorned him, and because the way in which he had already expressed himself in private justified a confident expectation that he would fulfil the desires of his (de Solis's) Sovereign, and carry out the measures which his Court wished to see undertaken by the new Pope.

Cardinal de Solis experienced much opposition from Cardinal de Bernis, who, as he protested, was far from wishing to dissociate himself from the instructions received by the Spanish Cardinals, but who—men's judgments being diverse—judged differently from Cardinal de Solis about Cardinal Ganganelli, and suspected that he would not prove so suitable as was anticipated. And Cardinal Orsini, though less decisively, adhered to this opinion.

Cardinal de Solis endeavoured to convince the said Cardinals that they were mistaken, and assured them that the private interview he had had with Cardinal Ganganelli made him feel certain that none would be fitter to occupy the See of St. Peter. Cardinal de Solis also pointed out that if they did not propose the said Cardinal, there was a danger of Cardinal Chigi being proposed, who was a man detested by the Crowns, and, as they were aware, placed by them on the list of *vitandi*. Cardinal de Solis, however, finished by protesting that he wished to take no step in the Election apart from the unanimous consent of the Cardinals who held the "voice" of the Courts—such being the instructions given them by the Minister, Don Thomas Azpuru.

It was eventually agreed to communicate the proposal (about Ganganelli) to Cardinal Rezzonico—for fear lest he should propose another who would not be acceptable to the Courts—and this having been done confidentially, he (Rezzonico) replied that he would lay it before his adherents, but that it was a matter which must be carefully considered and therefore required time.

The Rezzonico party knew that the election of Cardinal Ganganelli would be quite acceptable to the Court of Spain, and most satisfactory to it; and this consideration also drew into agreement with that party the party of Cardinal J. F. Albani, who were further influenced by the fact that the French had not obtained their desires in regard to Stoppani. And as for the French themselves, they saw that Stoppani could not be made Pope, and that after Sersale and Cavalchini the Spanish Cardinals preferred Ganganelli to any other, and they had therefore to yield to the insistency with which Cardinal de Solis showed them that it would be advantageous to the three Crowns that Ganganelli and no other should fill the See of St. Peter.

The Rezzonico and Albani party remained a day and a half without giving any reply, and the national Cardinals suspected some secret intrigue was going on which might be injurious to their interests. When therefore they came together for their last meeting (in the Conclave) they thought of finding out what the others were arranging so secretly, by obliging them to give a categorical answer. Whilst, however, they were in this state of doubt and were considering de Bernis'

continued fears for the result if Ganganelli became Pope, Rezzonico informed them in the name of his own party and that of J. F. Albani, that they were ready to vote for (Ganganelli). Having learnt this and having also obtained the previous consent of Cardinal de Bernis, the Royal Meeting, that is to say, the Cardinals of the three Courts, agreed that Ganganelli should be elevated to the Pontificate, as being the most worthy to occupy the throne of St. Peter. And in eight hours the election was brought to pass.¹

The negotiations described by de Solis in this letter were confined to May 17th and 18th, but they were the outcome of less formal negotiations which had been going on for some days previously. De Solis tells us, in this very letter, of the conferences he had held with Ganganelli; and Azpuru, in a letter to Grimaldi of May 25th,² tells us what was their purport. "Ganganelli," he writes, "although he neither made the promise nor refused it, explained himself in terms which caused Cardinal de Solis to feel certain that he would carry out the Suppression if he were elected to the Pontificate." And de Solis had also interchanged several previous communications with Cardinal Albani, as we learn from d'Aubeterre, who in his letter of May 17th,³ complains to Choiseul "of all the secret negotiations of the Spaniards with Albani, carried on without the knowledge of our Cardinals, for promoting the election of Ganganelli." He adds, "They made a mystery of it to me too. I had it first from de Bernis. . . . The proceeding is not straightforward."

But although d'Aubeterre resented the exclusion of his countrymen from these secret negotiations, he still retained his favourable opinion of Ganganelli, who was besides down on their list as a suitable candidate, and indeed was practically at the head of it. Hence he says in the above letter, "Provided a good thing is done it does not matter how it is done." De Bernis was also moved by Ganganelli's place on their list to support his candidature, notwithstanding the suspicious conduct of the Spaniards, but was not without grave suspicions as to the advisability of so doing. "As Ganganelli," he writes on the same day to Choiseul, "is on the list of good candidates we shall promote his election; but as we owe the truth to the King, we cannot conceal from him the suspicions this Cardinal has aroused in us by his mysterious life, and our feeling that it is

¹ Danvila, *ibid.* pp. 337—339.

² Danvila, *ibid.* p. 336.

³ Theiner, *ibid.* p. 337.

impossible not only to answer for certain as to his views, but even to conjecture what may prove to be his system of government."¹

It must have been this mystery enshrouding the true views of Ganganelli which had a contrary effect on Cardinal Albani and induced him to discuss his candidature sympathetically with de Solis. In Ganganelli's past record there were features which pointed to his being favourable to the Society as well as others which pointed to his being adverse to it; and in the Conclave he seems likewise to have produced contrary impressions on those with whom he spoke. On Cardinal de Solis he had left an impression that he shared the ideas of the Courts, and this was also the impression he produced on d'Aubeterre, who,² as we have seen, even supposed that if asked he would give a theological opinion defending the exaction of the written promise. On the other hand, he caused some of the Zelanti to think he would resist the Courts like Clement XIII. It is here that Cordara's testimony comes in usefully. In the *Commentarii*³ to which reference has already been made, this writer, who wrote indeed somewhat after date but had access to the first-hand evidence of many of the members of the Conclave, gives us the account he had gathered from the lips of "Cardinals J. F. Albani, Borromeo, Buonacorsi, Valerani, Buffalini, Serbelloni, Fantuzzi, and other Cardinals." On this warrant he tells us that "until just before the end of the Conclave the mass of the electors were distinctly adverse to Ganganelli, but that then the feeling was general that the Election ought not to be deferred any longer. Ganganelli on being asked if he would support Stoppani, replied, 'No, for he would certainly oppress the Jesuits,' and said this so decisively and suddenly that he appeared to be speaking direct from his heart." The news of this remark spread at once through the Conclave, and caused very many to think better of him. Presently the feeling in his favour was greatly promoted by the sudden conversion of Cardinal Castelli, a man who was held in the highest esteem by the Conclave. This Cardinal had been strongly against him, but now turned completely round, and, the support of the Albani party being thus obtained for Ganganelli, Rezzonico declared that he and his friends would not stand out against his elevation. Such is Cordara's account,

¹ Masson, *op. cit.* p. 106.

² See THE MONTH for December, 1902, p. 589.

³ *Commentarii de suis et suorum rebus usque ad occasum Societatis Jesu.* In the Third Volume of Döllinger's *Beiträge zur politischen, kirchlichen und Cultur-Geschichte.*

and though it is hardly likely that a small and isolated incident such as he mentions would have accounted for all that followed, we may safely gather that this incident was but one of many indications which conspired to make the Zelanti, who were now in their days of weariness and desperation, think that in spite of the mystery in which he enveloped himself, Ganganelli's real sentiments were those of which they approved.

We must now return to Cardinal de Bernis, by the aid of whose reports we can bring the story of Cardinal Ganganelli's election to an end, and supply a few further details as to its causes. Although in view of his place on the list de Bernis felt constrained to vote for him, he continued to feel uneasy even after the meeting with the Spanish Cardinals on the 17th, and determined that he would make another attempt to gather Ganganelli's sentiments from his own lips. Theiner knows nothing of this step of de Bernis', but M. Masson has printed¹ a letter he wrote to Choiseul on the 19th, containing a full account of it, of which we can only give the substance. De Bernis, it seems, sent his Conclavist, the Abbé Deshaïses, to Ganganelli's cell on the evening of the 17th. Ganganelli greeted him with expressions of gratitude to the three Crowns for their intention to carry through his election, but modestly deprecated the honour and even talked of refusing it. Deshaïses, after dissuading him from this course, "told him," says de Bernis, "in my name that the three Crowns, and especially the King, must expect from his gratitude that he would do what would be agreeable to them, and that he would take in hand first of all the work of destroying the Jesuits, and the satisfaction to be given to the Duke of Parma." He replied that he had a plan for satisfying the House of France in regard to this last matter, and that as for the Jesuits he was convinced that their destruction was necessary, and that he would address himself to that task, employing the necessary forms. The Abbé then asked him what forms these would be, and was told that it would be necessary to ask the consent of the Powers and of their clergy. De Bernis was relieved on hearing the report of his Conclavist, but being anxious to remove all obscurities he sent him back the following night to Ganganelli, this time with a written memorandum, containing definite questions he was to be asked to answer. Some of these referred to the Parma question, the Avignon question, the withdrawal of the Bull *Unigenitus*, and the supreme

Ibid. p. 108.

importance of Ganganelli recognizing that it was to France he would owe his tiara—to which last point he replied that “he carried the King (of France) in his heart and the Cardinal de Bernis in his right hand.” “In regard to the Jesuits,” writes de Bernis in this same letter to Choiseul, “I made him feel that, if in destroying them he observed the (usual) forms he would run the risk of causing himself to be suspected of wishing to make the affair last on for ever, and so allowing the Society to subsist; and I showed him that it was of consequence for his honour and glory that he should promptly make plain his true dispositions by some striking act. His answer was that he would not confine himself to words, and that the facts should soon justify his intentions.”

De Bernis was now fully satisfied, and having first obtained from Ganganelli some further guarantees as to the persons he would appoint to the principal offices in the Curia, he set off at once to hasten on the Election before there could be time for the opportunity to pass away. He found Rezzonico in the cell of Pozzobonelli, and though it was now one o'clock at night he then sought the Albani adherents, the Spaniards, and Orsini, and induced them to agree to this candidature. After what we know of the occurrences of the previous two or three days we can understand how he found it easy to secure this general agreement, especially as the latest scrutiny had given Ganganelli nineteen votes. It remains only to say that the Cardinals *en masse* repaired at once to the cell of Ganganelli to kiss his hand, and that on the following morning he was elected by forty-six out of the forty-seven possible votes—the outstanding vote being his own, which was given to Rezzonico.

Such is the history of this eventful Conclave, in bringing which to a close it may seem that we ought to summarize the two chief conclusions which it suggests—as to the conduct of the Bourbon Courts and as to the conduct of Cardinal Ganganelli. On the former, however, of these subjects enough has been said in the course of these articles, and the reader must now judge for himself how far the Crown Cardinals were mindful of their responsibility as electors, and the Bulls they were sworn to observe; how far the Catholic Courts were inspired by a regard for the principles of justice and equity, and for the respect in which they professed to hold the highest authority in the Church; and how far, in consequence, Cardinal Ganganelli's election can be deemed the result of the free

deliberations of the electors and not rather the result of an unlawful pressure applied from without, so excessive as to impart a unique character to this Conclave amidst all the Conclaves of the last four centuries. The reader can judge, too, whether such conduct on the part of the Courts harmonizes with the supposition that they believed themselves to possess genuine evidence convicting the Jesuits of the crimes of which they accused them, and not rather with the supposition that they felt that they had no evidence to support their accusations which they could venture to produce, and were in reality fabricating these accusations to serve as a mask, under cover of which they could demand the destruction of a Society they hated for much less commendable causes.

It is this first conclusion on which we would wish the reader to lay most stress. As for the conduct during the Conclave of Cardinal Ganganelli, who now became Clement XIV., although it was not perhaps conformed to the highest standard, it does not appear to have been seriously culpable—that is to say, if we confine our attention to the bare facts, after having washed off the tinge imparted to them by the partizan statements of the French and Spanish agents. He does not seem to have obtruded his personality on any party among the electors, but when they came to inquire about his views he gave them. Although these views were of a nature to satisfy the inquirers, and so undoubtedly furthered his election, there is no reason to suppose that he gave them insincerely, and at all events he involved himself in no stipulations.¹ On the contrary, in his final replies to de Bernis'

¹ Crétineau-Joly, in his *Histoire des Jésuites* and more fully in his *Clément XIV. et les Jésuites* (p. 260), accused Ganganelli of having given the written promise to suppress the Society, and has been severely blamed for so doing by Theiner and others—including Père de Ravignan, who may be said to have written his *Clément XIII. et Clément XIV.* at the instigation of Father General Roothaan, precisely to combat this contention of Crétineau-Joly's. It is conclusive against Crétineau-Joly's theory that, as we have seen, Azpuru in his despatch of May 18th, told Grimaldi "none of the Cardinals had gone so far as to propose to any one that the Suppression should be secured by a written or spoken promise." And, indeed, Crétineau-Joly refutes his own theory when he tells us that in the said writing, which was addressed to the King of Spain, Ganganelli declared "he recognized that the Sovereign Pontiff had the right, and could in good conscience suppress the Society of Jesus, whilst fully observing the canonical laws; and that it was to be hoped that the future Pope would strive his utmost to accomplish the wish of the Crowns." Such words do not amount to a stipulation, and it should be noted that the clause about observing the canonical laws involves the same cautious reserve we have found in the words addressed to the Abbé Deshaies. Still it must be confessed that under the circumstances they tended to make the Crown party suppose that Ganganelli was the kind of candidate

memorandum, he still preserved that ambiguity of expression which so perplexed the Cardinals of all classes, but was clearly motivated by the desire to guard his future liberty of action. It will, however, be necessary to consider further the character of the new Pope in the articles to follow.

S. F. S.

they wanted, and it is probable, therefore, that the assurance contained in these words, or a renewal of the same to de Solis in a subsequent interview, was what made the latter say (*vide supra*, p. 55) to the French and Neapolitan Cardinals that "the private interview he had had with Ganganelli made him feel certain that none would be fitter to occupy the See of St. Peter." But it will be asked did Ganganelli really set down in writing and deliver to the Spaniards the expression of opinion on which we are commenting? Crétineau-Joly professed to have had the original document in his hands (see the Abbé Maynard's *Jacques Crétineau-Joly*, p. 304), but as he never produced it or explained its *provenance*, Theiner had some reason for declining to believe in it. It is not indeed possible to be certain of it, still the collateral evidence implies that some such written declaration existed. Not only is something of the kind needed to explain the confidence in Ganganelli expressed by Cardinal de Solis, but we have Cardinal de Bernis, in a letter to Choiseul dated July 28th, saying that the "writing which (the Spaniards) made the Pope sign is in no sense obligatory; the Pope has himself explained to me its tenour," and also a despatch of November 20, 1769, in which he says "the Spanish Cardinals were contented with a writing in which Cardinal Ganganelli, in his quality as a theologian, said that he thought the Sovereign Pontiff could in conscience suppress the Society of Jesuits, whilst observing the canonical laws, and those of prudence and justice."

*Some Notes on the Art of Church Needlework
as practised in Anglo-Saxon England.*

AMONG the many branches of art in which Anglo-Saxon England held no mean place in early mediæval Europe, not the least interesting and important is that of church needlework.

Though, unfortunately, early chronicles and other sources of information do not usually give us very much detail when referring to examples of this art, yet they give us sufficient to enable us to see that it was widely practised, with great richness and no little taste. In these "Notes," a selection of facts from these sources of information will be given, which is really, on the whole, the best means of conveying a definite idea of the state of the art during that period. It will afford, besides, from what is to many, no doubt, a new point of view, a good insight into the wonderful faith and pious generosity of the people.

In very early times, we find that Anglo-Saxon ladies were greatly devoted to the art of decorative needlework, particularly to that branch of it directly connected with the service of God in the sanctuary. The Anglo-Saxon poet, St. Aldhelm, first Bishop of Salisbury, in his Latin prose-work, *De Laudibus Virginitatis*,¹ gives us to understand that even the ladies contemporary with him,² were very skilled in the art of embroidery (in gold as well as in other threads) and in weaving, and, too, that the knowledge of dyeing woven fabrics in a large number of colours was diffused among the Anglo-Saxons of that time. But, besides the reference given in St. Aldhelm's book, there is one to decorative church needlework in particular, which is far more satisfactory, and of the same early period. This is found in the twelfth century *Life of St. Cuthbert*, written by a

¹ Chapter xv. p. 15. (Oxford: Giles, 1844.) This work was very popular right up to the Conquest.

² He lived from 630—709.

certain Reginald, monk of Durham. In chapter 42¹ of this fascinating book, is a long account of the various robes found on the incorrupt body of the Saint, when exhumed in the year 1104.² The following is a translation of this account.

Next to these, the dalmatic,³ which is more visible on account of it being the upper robe of the two, seems to those who have considerable experience in such things, to be of purple tinged with red—a colour now unknown. This vestment still keeps the grace of its original freshness and beauty; and, so to say, crackles in the fingers of those handling it, because of the solidity of the work and the stiffness of the thread. In it are interwoven figures of both birds and little animals, most minute in their workmanship and subdivision. To enhance its beauty, the vestment is variegated by many dashes of another colour, which is believed and proved to be citron. This kind has a very fine effect upon the purple groundwork, and, by its spots, causes new formations of variety. . . . The extreme edge of this dalmatic is on all sides surrounded by a border of gold thread like embroidery, which because of the quantity of gold interwoven in its texture, is not easily bent. . . . There is a similar border upon the extremities of each sleeve, around the wrists and arms of the glorious Bishop; and around his neck is a border broader than the former one, and of more incomparable workmanship and value, which covers the greater part of the shoulders. . . . Next to the dalmatic, his sacred body is clothed with other costly robes of silk, the nature of which are not clearly ascertained; above which there had been put around him a sheet, almost 9 cubits long and $3\frac{1}{2}$ broad.⁴ . . . This sheet had a fringe of fine linen. . . . Upon the sides and ends of this (sheet) was woven, by the ingenuity of its maker, a border of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch bearing on it a very minute and projecting workmanship, fabricated by the thread itself, and containing upon its extremity the figures of birds and beasts so arranged that, in every case, between every two pair of birds and beasts, there is interwoven the representation of a leafy tree which distinguishes and divides the figures. This representation of a tree so beautifully depicted, appears to be putting forth its leaves, although minute, on both sides; under which, upon the adjacent compartments, the interwoven figures of animals again appear, and this ornamental border of trees and animals is equally visible upon the extreme ends of the sheet.

We read that Witlaf,⁵ who was King of Mercia in the earlier part of the ninth century, gave many special privileges and

¹ Pp. 87—90, of edition published in original Latin, by Surtees Society, 1835.

² The Saint, by the way, lived from 635—688.

³ The chasuble, it might be noted, was taken away (and never put back) in the year 699, when the Saint was exhumed once before. In all probability it was of much finer work than the dalmatic.

⁴ Approximately $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet \times $5\frac{1}{4}$.

⁵ Dugdale's *Monasticon*, vol. ii. p. 91 of edition 1846. (London: Bohn.)

presents to the monks of Croyland. Among the latter was his coronation robe, to be made into a chasuble or a cope, and a veil of cloth-of-gold, on which was embroidered a representation of the fall of Troy. This latter rather inappropriate gift he ordered to be hung on the walls of the abbey church at his anniversary. It might be here mentioned that embroidered wall-hangings of some such precious fabric were common decorative features in Anglo-Saxon churches and in the houses of the higher nobility.

Egelric, who was Abbot of the same abbey from about 984—992, made many valuable additions to its already fine collection of vestments. We read¹ that he gave two chasubles to each altar in the church; to the choir, twenty-four copes, of which six were white, six red, six green, six black; two large "foot-cloths," woven with lions, to be placed before the high altar on great feasts, and two smaller ones, decorated with flowers, for the feasts of the Apostles. Besides these, he gave a large number of wall-hangings to be hung before the altars of saints on feast-days. The majority of these were silk, and on them were woven golden birds.

The great Anglo-Saxon nobleman, Brithnoth (that ideal Christian soldier), who fell fighting bravely against the Danes in the year 991, was a friend and benefactor of the monks of Ely. Besides other presents, he gave them, for use in the sanctuary, a robe ornamented with gold and jewels, and a pair of beautifully-worked gloves.² After his death³ and loving interment by the sorrowing monks, his wife, the Lady Elfreda, gave them a wall-hanging for their abbey church, a beautiful curtain on which she had worked the great deeds of her husband. A little later on, we hear that a near relative of Brithnoth, the Lady Elfwida,⁴ gave herself up to God and took a vow of perpetual chastity. The monks of Ely gave her their manor of Coveney, near Ely, where she lived in retirement with her maidens, weaving and working in embroidery for the service of the church.

Among the gifts given to the same Abbey of Ely, about the year 974, were (given by the Bishop of Winchester) a number of valuable copes, one of which, adorned with a deep gold fringe, was particularly valuable; and (given by King Edward)

¹ *Ibid.* p. 95.

² Bentham's *History of Ely* (Camb. 1771), p. 85. Quoting from the *Historia Eliensis*.

³ *Ibid.* p. 86.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 93.

were a variety of rich vestments and his own royal robe of purple embroidered with gold.¹

In the Life of St. Dunstan there is found² a legendary incident which it will not be out of place to relate here. This great Saint, as is known, seems to have been as famous for his skill in the arts as he was for his sanctity. He was a fine musician as well as a painter, a sculptor, and a metal-worker of much power and taste. It was said quaintly of him that he was able to rival in his pictures nature in her most beautiful works; that he was able, for instance, to transfer a living animal from nature on to his parchment; the only difference between the two was that the animal in his picture was dumb. But, to the story. It once happened that a certain noble lady, named Æthelwynn, was perplexed about what design she should embroider on a very costly vestment she was beginning to make for a certain church. Knowing the Saint's artistic talent, she begged him to come to her house and draw a design for her. The Saint came, bringing with him his harp, which, it appears, he always carried about. This he hung on the wall of the lady's apartment, and then commenced drawing a very beautiful design. After some time had gone by, on a sudden, the lady and her maidens were astonished by a sound of very wonderful music and a voice singing, "The souls of the just, who have followed in the footsteps of Christ, rejoice; and, because they have shed their blood for love of Him, with Him will they reign for ever and ever." At first they were unable to find out whence this wonderful melody proceeded. At length they found, to their great edification, that it came from St. Dunstan's harp, though it was still hanging on the wall where he had placed it.

Theodoricus, the confessor of the sweet Anglo-Saxon Saint, Queen Margaret of Scotland, in his interesting Life of her,³ tells us among her other great virtues, was a loving care for the due splendour of the Services of the Church. He tells us, that her apartment was, as it were, a "heavenly workshop," being never empty of ornaments for the altar, as well as copes, stoles, and every other kind of sacred vestment. Some of them, as yet unfinished, were seen under the hands of her artists; others,

¹ *Ibid.* p. 78.

² Narrated in the four early Lives of St. Dunstan; Rolls Series, 1874, pp. 20, 21, 80, 81, 170, 171, 258, 259.

³ Bollandists, Jun. ii. 239. (Antwerp, 1698.)

already finished, filled those who were privileged to see them with wonder and delight. In the embroidery, the Saint herself took a very prominent part. In this zeal for the splendour of everything belonging to the sacred liturgy, particularly of the vestments, St. Margaret followed what was the tradition of the ladies of rank of her race from early times, as we have already noted.

Of the many testimonies to the piety of the great King Canute, and of his Anglo-Saxon Queen, Emma; the following¹ might be mentioned. They were both great friends and benefactors of Ely Abbey, which they had visited very often. On one of these visits, they presented to the monks, besides other costly gifts, a piece of purple cloth wrought with gold, and worked with gold threads into several compartments, and studded with precious stones, to be placed on the great shrine of St. Etheldreda. This piece of embroidery was said to be the richest in England. For each of the shrines of the relics of other saints, they presented other coverings made of silk and embroidered here and there with designs in gold thread, and studded with precious stones. For the high altar, they gave an antependium of green cloth, adorned with sheets of gold, to be used on the great feast-days. These gifts were all of Anglo-Saxon workmanship.

A certain Leoffin,² Abbot of Ely from about 1039—1044, made many additions to the treasures of his church. We read that he gave a red mitre of wonderful workmanship, on which flowers were wrought, and on which a sheet of gold and a number of jewels were sewn. He also gave a full set of vestments, embroidered with designs in gold and gems, together with an alb of a very curious and elaborate pattern.

Stigand,³ Archbishop of Canterbury, and the great friend of St. Edward the Confessor, also gave many presents of vestments to Ely Abbey. One chasuble, in particular, seems to have been highly thought of, in fact, thought to be the finest in the kingdom. William the Conqueror had rather too practical an appreciation of its artistic merits and costliness; for he confiscated it and kept it among his own treasures at Winchester. Besides this beautiful vestment, that despotic King confiscated a large number of other Anglo-Saxon works of art, from any of

¹ Bentham's *Ely*, p. 95.

² Stephen's Continuation of Dugdale's *Monasticon* (published 1722), vol. i. 394.

³ *Ibid.* p. 395.

the monasteries whose inmates were, or whom he chose to think were, hostile to him. Thus he purloined, along with other precious things, from the monks of Westminster, "five most valuable sets of vestments ornamented with gold and gems; as also five (separate) chasubles,"¹ similarly ornamented. He also purloined from the great Abbey of Ely eight very beautiful chasubles of various colours. In the Latin account of this confiscation,² we find *flos* ("a flower") mentioned as an item of decoration. This technical term is found in other descriptions of Anglo-Saxon chasubles, so that it might be interesting to explain it here. It seems to refer to a mass of embroidery, sometimes of gold thread, sometimes of thread of other kinds, which was spread as it were in thick branches over the breast and back of the vestment. It was extended over the shoulders as well, and around the neck, where it was ornamented with special richness.³ In the British Museum, by the way, among the Cotton MSS., is a picture of St. Dunstan, vested and enthroned. On his chasuble, which is very ample, is a "flower" of red. In the same description of the Ely confiscation, we meet with another technical term, "aurifrisium." The best modern equivalent for this word is our word "orphrey;" though in Anglo-Saxon times, the "aurifrisium" seems to have been practically restricted to a band of gold-thread work running round the edge of a vestment.

The poor monks must have gained at any rate some consolation for these, and other similar confiscations, from the evidence it gave them of the high opinion that even the cultured Norman had of their national works of art. Besides this important extrinsic testimony to the merits of Anglo-Saxon Church needlework, there are two other important ones, which one would like to notice before drawing this sketch to a close.

One is found in an eleventh century Life⁴ of St. Augustine of Canterbury, written by a French monk, named Gotcelin.

¹ From extract from twelfth century Latin Life of King Harold, last Saxon King of England (Harl. MSS. 3,776); quoted in vol. vi. p. 56, of Dugdale. (Edition 1846, Bohn.)

² Dugdale, i. 477.

³ Rock's *Church of Our Fathers*, i. 359. (London, 1849.) This work has, by the way, been of considerable help; because it has drawn my attention to the value of some, out of the many, books I have had to read through for the compilation of these "Notes."

⁴ P. 491, vol. i. Edit. 1733 (Venice) of D'Achery and Mabillon's *Acta Ordinis Benedicti*.

This writer gives a very laudatory account of the Anglo-Saxon vestments, singling them out for special praise from a number of other interesting objects that struck him when in England. He seemed quite overcome by their beauty and richness, which he describes with characteristic Gallic eloquence.

The other is found in the twelfth century Chronicle,¹ written by Eadmer, monk of Canterbury, and special friend of St. Anselm. From this we can see that Anglo-Saxon Church needlework, or at least one example of it, was evidently in high repute on the Continent. While Eadmer, as companion to St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was at the Council of Bari, he tells us that he noticed on a certain Archbishop of Beneventum, who was present, a very magnificent cope, which was, as a matter of fact, the most magnificent vestment there. This cope was of Anglo-Saxon work. How the Italian Archbishop obtained the vestment is interesting. It appears that one of his predecessors in the see of Beneventum, during the reign of King Canute, about eighty years before, happened to be in England on a begging-tour, to enable him to relieve great distress in his diocese arising from famine. Many presents were charitably given him. Among them was this wonderful cope, given by a certain Egelnoth, then Archbishop of Canterbury. Eadmer goes on to tell us, in his quaint mediæval way, that, although he already knew the story, yet he went up to the Italian Archbishop at the earliest opportunity and asked him a number of questions about the vestment, pretending to be ignorant of its history, in order that he might have the pleasure of hearing it and a glorification of his own diocese of Canterbury from the lips of the prelate. Eadmer then ends the narration of the incident by saying, with great gusto, that the cope is the glory of the church of Beneventum; and that it will be, he thinks, a proof to future generations of the greatness of the church of Canterbury.

This is but a very brief and fragmentary sketch, which is offered in the hope of awakening interest in a subject which though much neglected will be found if cultivated to be singularly attractive.

VINCENT WILLIAM MAGRATH.

¹ *Historia Novorum in Anglia*. Rolls Series, 1884, at the year 1098.

The Irish Expedition of 1579.

ON July the 17th, 1579, some little coasting vessels which had slipped across from Spain, set ashore in Dingle Bay two Catholic leaders with a few followers. Both were men who had gone into exile for the sake of their proscribed religion, Sir James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, the most popular of the Desmonds, Chiefs of Munster, and Dr. Nicholas Sander, a distinguished English clergyman now acting as a Papal agent. They at once began to excite an insurrection, a task which they found all too easy. The country was groaning under misgovernment, Fitzgerald was an able guerilla leader, Dr. Sander made vigorous use of the authority he had received from the Pope. A civil war ensued which dragged on for more than two years. No large force took the field on either side, the Irish never had the chance of being finally successful. But there was danger enough, and that danger was sufficiently protracted to cause Elizabeth and the English Protestants much fear and great annoyance, and under the influence of those feelings their hatred of Catholicism manifested itself in the passing of new and cruel laws against the whole Catholic party. The panic soon passed away, but the legislation remained in force for centuries, and caused the greatest harm to the adherents of the old faith.

To the student of English Catholicism this sequel to the rebellion is therefore of greater importance than the skirmishes which marked its course. I therefore propose to pay most attention to this point, and to the sequence of great political events abroad, which made the Irish expedition a possibility.

To understand the genesis and nature of the expedition of 1579, it is necessary in the first place to recall the great patience and long-suffering which the Catholic Powers showed to Elizabeth at the beginning of her reign. She had almost immediately involved Scotland, France, and Flanders in civil war, and had given the Pope every justification for excom-

municating her. But all held their hands, she was in practice allowed to go on weakening her neighbours by "feeding factions and troubles"¹ amongst them, and by sending out pirates to destroy their commerce. She was hated of course, and year by year the hostility against her gathered strength, and finally reached its height with the judicial murder of Mary Stuart in 1587. The sailing of the Armada, with which all Europe was in secret sympathy, if not in open alliance, was the great witness of this general abhorrence. The expedition of 1579 was its forerunner, and was the result of similar causes and kindred feelings. Though in strictness the expedition was Irish only, it could never have sailed but for some co-operation on the part of France, much assistance from Spain, and the amplest support of the Pope.

The position of Spain is the most notable feature of this combination, for England's immunity from attack hitherto had been chiefly due to the friendly offices of King Philip. The next step in our investigation should therefore be to seek an explanation of this change in his mind.

Philip's policy towards England at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign was decided by almost exactly the same considerations as those which determine our alliance with Belgium to-day. It was, and it is, supremely important for the Powers on either side of the Channel, that their *vis-à-vis* should be independent of France. In 1559 the English gravely injured French interests in Scotland, but Philip would not hear of Mary Stuart (then Queen of France) throwing a great force into Edinburgh in order to subdue the Scottish rebellion, for fear lest that force should be used to invade England.² Again, he would not endure the excommunication and deprivation

¹ Here is an avowal of one of the chief English diplomatists of the day, Dr. Thomas Wilson, of whom we shall here more later: "Surely if we think that by our political wisdom in England we have hitherto had quietness, we deceive ourselves greatly. It is the weakness of our neighbours, who being hitherto troubled, could never have power, although they never wanted will and courage. And if we have been the cause of this trouble abroad and fed the factions (as the world giveth out), the policy is not good because it is not perpetual but temporary and for a season, and in the end the harm will wholly fall upon us, that are the suspected maintainers covertly and underhand of all these foreign broils and troubles. Better not to deal, than not to go roundly to work, and oftentimes a blow given without further harm doing, costeth them dear that went no further." (*Wilson to Leicester*, May 18, 1577, *Hatfield Calendar*, vol. ii. p. 153.)

² "The French Ambassador was answered . . . that His Majesty could not and would not endure that [the French army] in Scotland should cause trouble to Scotland's neighbours." (Pollen, *Papal Negotiations*, p. 459.)

of Queen Elizabeth, if the sentence was to be executed by France.¹

But when a succession of five religious wars had crippled the offensive powers of the French King, and when Mary Stuart had made it clear that if she reached the throne of England, English not French interests would dominate and direct her policy,² then Philip saw that his interests had changed. Toleration of English piracy no longer seemed a lesser evil than a breach of the peace with Elizabeth, and her assistance to the rebels in Flanders became daily more insupportable. A clear indication of the altered feelings was given in 1570, by the open favour shown by him to that remarkable adventurer Thomas Stukely.

Thomas, generally called Sir Thomas Stukely (or Stucley), was the third son of a Devonshire knight, Sir Hugh Stukely of Affeton, near Ilfracombe. He was forty years of age, and his life had been spent in a ceaseless round of war, adventure, and travel in every land. He had fought in the armies of England, of France, of the Empire, and of Spain, and had everywhere won a reputation for courage. But his changes from one camp to another had not brought him unsullied renown. He had pursued the then fashionable career of a pirate, he was a spendthrift, his word could not be relied upon. Though he afterwards professed to have been throughout a Catholic at heart, he had changed his creed with every Tudor Sovereign, and he had enriched himself with the plunder of churches and monasteries.

At first Elizabeth had favoured him and encouraged his piracy, but when he lost his money and got into trouble, she took a strong dislike to him, and prevented his acquiring lucrative appointments in Ireland. It appears that he got on with the Irish better than most English captains did, and seemed to be likely to rise to high office in that country.

¹ On Philip's opposition to the excommunication of Elizabeth, if executed by France, see *Spanish Calendar*, 1558—1567, p. 62; Mignet, *Histoire de Marie Stuart*, 1854, p. 402; *THE MONTH*, October, 1900, pp. 399, 400.

² One of Mary's envoys in May, 1566, said: "When England and Scotland shall be united . . . we must firmly believe that England, which has ever been the implacable enemy of France and the most ancient friend of the house of Burgundy [whose representative was Philip II.], . . . is sure to draw its princes, and the country of Scotland as well, to take sides, with a view to the advantage of their principal state. . . . England's policy never was and never will be to leave her ancient ally to attach herself to the other, but just the contrary." (*Papal Negotiations*, p. 252.)

Elizabeth thwarted these ambitions and summoned him to England, but Stukely on leaving Ireland turned his ship towards Spain, and reached the harbour of Vinero on the 24th of April, 1570.

On arrival he found that circumstances were preparing him a favourable reception at the Court of Philip. The King was smarting under the insulting injury which Elizabeth had recently inflicted by seizing his treasure-ships (December, 1569). He was not above the pettiness of his age, and thought it not bad policy to vex her for having vexed him. So he gave to Stukely's blustering proposals for an invasion of Ireland just so much attention as he thought would annoy her and encourage her enemies.¹

But the effect of these measures did not bring about the result which he desired. Stukely's brags were caught up by the English spies at Madrid, and forwarded to their mistress. She was irritated and finally alarmed, but not inclined to conciliation. She complained (February, 1571) to the Spanish Ambassador, Guerau Despes, that her sworn enemy Stukely was receiving the large pension of 500 reals a day, and men to invade Ireland, which kingdom (she heard) had been conferred on Philip by the Pope. She meant, however, to defend herself and had called out her fleet.²

This was more than suited the interests of Spain. The Spanish Ambassador, with Philip's approval, sought to assure her that her fears were ill-founded, and on the 22nd of April, 1571, Secretary Çayas sent an official explanation. There had once been "the intention of helping Stukely secretly in order to encourage the Irish Catholics, but it had become evident

¹ The principal authority for Stukely is Richard Simpson's *School of Shakspeare*, 1878; and Mr. Pollard's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The partiality of the latter writer for Elizabeth's Government is evident. Both were ignorant of the Vatican Papers, and give credence to spies. An example of the errors which this has led to, is given in the next note.

² *Spanish Calendar*, 1568—1579, pp. 293, 297, 298. The complaints of Elizabeth are founded on the reports of the informer Robert Huggins (or Hogan), *Foreign Calendar*, 1569—1571, p. 394, who has deceived both Mr. Simpson and Mr. Pollard. For instance, the money said to be given for the expedition to Ireland (*ibid.*), was in reality given to pay off the ship at Vinero (Vatican Archives, *Varia Politicorum*, vol. xcix. p. 189, &c.). Mr. Simpson expatiates on Stukely's receiving at Philip's hands the knighthood of the Order of Calatrava on January 22, 1571 (loc. cit. i. p. 78. *Dict. Nat. Biog.* lxx. p. 125, gives January 21), but no authority is quoted. King Philip on the contrary (January 31st) calls him "Knight of England" (Galba, c. i. fol. 5), and Stukely had styled himself "illustris eques" in the previous September. (*Varia Politicorum*, xcix. 165.)

that he had but a small store of capacity, forces, and knowledge of the business." He would therefore be now sent away "to accompany the Princes in search of adventure." That is to say, he was to join Don John of Austria, who was about to start on the great naval campaign which culminated at Lepanto.¹

Çayas's story,—that Stukely, though treated far better than he deserved, was still not entirely trusted,—is confirmed by a valuable series of documents in the Vatican Archives, which show that he was all this while an excommunicated person. He had professed heresy and made open war upon the Church, and the Pope, when asked (September 24, 1570) to absolve him, refused to do so (October 31st). This led to Stukely's renewing his requests (February 4, 1571) and sending up long accounts, which are still extant, of his past achievements and of plans for the future.² These papers are invaluable for Stukely's biography. Suffice it here to say that absolution was eventually granted (the exact date does not appear), and perhaps would have been granted sooner, had it been applied for with more formality and earnestness. The fact of the excommunication, however, remains most fully attested, and this, though not inconsistent with the state of probation, in which, according to the Spanish accounts, he is said to have been kept, seems to exclude the extraordinary favours with which, according to those who rely on the reports of the spies and deserters, he was received by the Catholics abroad.

Stukely's credit was at this time still further impaired by a furious quarrel with the Archbishop of Cashel, who was also engaged in begging Philip's aid for the Irish. The dispute is not one into the merits of which we need enter here.³ Neither party would hear of arrangement or compromise, and finally both left the Court with injured reputations.

Away from the atmosphere of the Court, Stukely was seen for a time to greater advantage. He joined the Christian fleet

¹ *Documentos Inéditos*, vol. xc. p. 451; *Spanish Calendar*, p. 305. Don John did not eventually start till June.

² The Nuncio Castagna wrote from Madrid in his behalf (*Nunziatura di Spagna*, iv. 147) on September 24th. Stukely's petition is presumably that preserved in *Varia Politicorum*, xcix. 165. The answer of the Holy Office, approved by the Pope, (October 31, 1570)—*Non se debbe concederla altramente*—is in *N. di Spagna*, xiii. 242, cf. 206. The second series of applications was made by Stukely, February 5, 1571. (*N. di Spagna*, iv. 168.)

³ Some details will be found in Simpson, pp. 74 to 92. The spy Huggins had promised beforehand to kindle this quarrel. (*Foreign Calendar*, 1569—1571, p. 316.)

against the Turks, and fought with honour and success at the great Battle of Lepanto (October 7, 1571). It would have been well for him if he could always have lived under arms, but in those days armaments were rarely kept together for more than a single campaign. The fleet was soon disbanded. We then find him at Rome, blustering and intriguing as before. Everyone was encouraged and excited by the recent victory, and Stukely, with his credit now entirely repaired, seems to have acquired an ascendancy over the officials of the Roman Curia, which, as will appear in the sequel, eventually led to very serious mischief, and even now caused Pope Pius V. to make an offer to King Philip, which marked a new stage in the hostility of Rome to Queen Elizabeth.

On December the 1st, 1571, the Cardinal Secretary wrote to his chief representative in Spain, the Legate Cardinal Alessandrino, saying that the Pope had heard with pleasure of Stukely's plans, and that if the King did not wish to involve his own name in supporting those plans, the Pope would allow them to be started in his, always recognizing that the responsibility for action must rest entirely (*in tutto et per tutto*) with the King.¹ It might have been supposed that Philip would have welcomed the offer, for during Stukely's absence, Ridolfi had contrived his plot, and shown how in England itself Elizabeth's Government was weaker and more unpopular than had previously been supposed. The Pope's suggestion about Stukely, however, was firmly declined. On the 11th of January, 1572, the Nuncio Castagna wrote in the following sense:

Philip knows the plans of Stukely, but considers them too vast, too serious, too dangerous (*grandi, gravi, pericolose*). Ridolfi's schemes were *importante e di sostanza*. Stukely's, even if they could be successfully executed, would not lead to much more than to the excitement of feelings (*humori*), to war, to the slaughter of prisoners, &c. If there were another enterprise directed against the root of the matter [*i.e.*, the Government itself], Stukely might be useful to distract attention from it. But "to declare war against that kingdom, and to assault it directly, without the insurrection of the principal lords within the realm—for that these times are not ripe, and the King would not so much as think it over at present."²

¹ Vatican Archives, *Varia Politicorum*, xcix. n. 194. There are supplementary letters, *N. di Spagna*, iii. nn. 69, 67, of December 6 and 15.

² Vatican, *Borghese*, i. n. 607, f. 493.

So for three years Philip held his hand and nothing was done. Stukely is found travelling about from Madrid to Paris and Flanders, able to make, as a rule, a good first impression, but unable to retain for long the favour he acquired. The Jubilee year of 1575, however, brought about important developments, which made the eventual outbreak of hostilities perceptibly nearer. Chief among these changes was the increase of religious enthusiasm among the Catholics. Rome was thronged with pilgrims, whose hearts had been leavened with the new spirit of the counter-Reformation. Great plans for the amelioration of the lot of Catholics all the world over were discussed, and the hearts of many were moved with the desire of winning back the liberties and advantages which had so lately been lost. The year 1576 saw the rise of *La Sainte Ligue* in France, and at the same time we find the aspirations of the English and Irish Catholic exiles entering upon a new phase.

Stukely and Geraldine had much to do with the shaping of these new aspirations. The latter had just come from Ireland and pressed the cause of the Irish Catholics both on Philip and on the Pope with ardour and eloquence, as his still extant petitions remain to show. Stukely directed his efforts to impressing the Pope and Papal Court with a high idea of his capacity and reliability. We have already seen that he had made a good first impression on Pope Pius V., and now he succeeded, not only in pleasing Pope Gregory XIII., but in winning the complete confidence of several of the leading Cardinals (especially the Cardinal Tolomeo Gaddi, called the Cardinal of Como, Secretary of State), and of the English clergy in Rome, who had most weight with the Pope in English affairs. Of these the chief were Doctor Owen Lewis, and Doctor Maurice Clenog, both Welsh by birth, and men of unusual ability and influence. Maurice Clenog, Provost of the English Hospital in Rome, assured the Pope in a still existing memorial that Stukely was a man "sent from Heaven" (*divinitus*)¹ for the English enterprise; Doctor Owen Lewis became the Englishman's confidential agent and advocate.¹

These ardent spirits made urgent suit to the Pope, to Philip, and to Don John of Austria, to undertake the "enterprise" at once. The Pope and Don John were evidently inclined to favour their plans, but King Philip soon put a stop to these discussions. In private, however, he took another step in the

¹ Vatican Archives, *Arm.* lxiv. tom. xxvii. 353.

direction of war with England. He informed his Ambassador in Rome, that if the Pope would contribute substantially to the cost of the war, and *lend the sanction of his name to the expedition*, that he (Philip) would be inclined to allow and support it, provided that this could be done secretly without exciting Elizabeth's suspicions.¹

To these conditions the Pope agreed in November, 1575, indeed they went very little further than those which his predecessor had already proposed to Spain. But happily for the peace of Europe, Philip was as over-cautious on these subjects as Gregory was precipitate, and nothing came of their agreement. There were two reasons for this. First, the Spanish King was eternally putting off the payment of the subsidy he had promised, his finances being always in the utmost confusion. The second and more fundamental reason, lay the difference between his projects and those of the Pope for the future of England, if Elizabeth's power should be broken. The Pontiff desired the country to retain its power and independence intact. Philip wished to see that power and independence so far controlled that no danger might afterwards accrue to his Flemish provinces.

But though Philip did nothing, his inaction was powerless to maintain the *status quo* of his dominions. The mischief at work in the Low Countries was working rapidly, "unfortunate accidents" multiplied, and eventually Don John of Austria was sent (he arrived November 3, 1576) to heal the chief source of the troubles of Spain.

At this point our story becomes confused with the infinitely complicated history of the revolt of the Netherlands. Excluding, however, for the present, all considerations except those which directly concern us, we have in the first place to note that Don John had been named long since as a possible husband for Mary Stuart; and now that her liberation and the depression of her rival seemed requisite for the sure attainment of the object he had in hand, both friend and foe surmised that some efficient steps would be taken to accomplish these great objects. But unfortunately for Spain her enemies were far more active than her Sovereign. It was the 8th of December before Philip

¹ The negotiations of Philip with his Ambassador in Rome (March to September, 1575) are given in Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's *Don John of Austria*, 1883, ii. 105—112. The correspondence of the Papal Nuncios is in the Vatican Archives, *Nunziatura di Spagna*, vols. ix. and x.

informed his half-brother that he might undertake the enterprise,¹ and even then he allowed it only under conditions which made it practically impossible of execution.

In the meantime, the anti-Spanish party under the Prince of Orange, with Elizabeth at their back and the French ready to take their side, had won so many and such great advantages over the Spanish General, that his opportunity had evidently passed away. The Pope had been ready to lend him 50,000 scudi for that enterprise, but Don John was constrained to borrow the money (July 4, 1577) and spend it in maintaining his own position in Flanders.² Elizabeth was naturally anxious, but she was never in danger. The great soldier, on the contrary, was not only disarmed and reduced to impotence, but stood in some danger for his life from the machinations which the English Queen knew so well how to encourage.

After what we have seen of Thomas Stukely, we shall not be surprised to find him coming to Flanders at this crisis bearing a special Brief from the Pope,³ which recommended him for employment in the English enterprise. But this, as has been seen, had already been given up, and Don John promptly sent him back to Italy. In compensation he commended him to King Philip (January 17, 1577) and to the Cardinal of Como, saying to the latter in vague terms, which might be interpreted either as compliments or as business, that he would leave Stukely's plans to the Pope's initiative.

Stukely's return to Rome, early in April, 1577, at last convinced the Cardinal of Como that the great plans which he had made for the overthrow of Elizabeth, had entirely failed, and it is evident that this disappointment made the Cardinal lose his temper. He wrote to the Nuncio in Spain calling the Queen a she-devil (*diavolessa*), and begging Philip to crush her to powder (*rendergli farina per pane*, to make her flour for bread). What was more foolish still, he contemplated sending Stukely to attack Ireland. This unwise resolution he announced in a tone quite unworthy of his high position. "We cannot keep him back," he wrote on the 24th of May, "inspired as he is by

¹ The original letter is printed in K. de Lettenhove, *Relations Politiques*, ix. 17. A translation in Stirling Maxwell, *Don John*, ii. 125. This letter was written in November.

² The Nuncio sent with the money was Mons. Sega, and his papers (March to July, 1577) are preserved. (Vatican Archives, *Inghilterra e Fiandra*, i. ff. 338—369.)

³ The Brief I have not seen, but Stukely's (undated) petition for it, endorsed as to be granted, is extant. (Vatican Archives, *Inghilterra e Fiandra*, i. 193, 304.)

ardour, and hard driven by want." And again on the 8th of October, he says that Stukely "will go desperate unless he was employed." It would be a good thing, he thought, to imitate Elizabeth's policy of pin-pricking, and "to plant a thorn in her side such as Orange is in ours. Stukely will be the man for this." On the 27th of October, he writes that the Pope has resolved to employ both him and Fitzgerald against Elizabeth, and hoped (fond illusion!) that they would be ready to start in a few days.¹

The levity with which the Cardinal (and of course Pope Gregory must bear his part of the blame) rushed into preparations for war is the less excusable when we remember that he had been warned of Stukely's unreliability, and does not seem to have been under any great delusion (as others were) concerning the worth of the man. The Nuncio Sega had written thrice on this subject² from Flanders, the third letter being especially interesting, as it was sent off after an interview with Elizabeth's agent, Dr. Thomas Wilson,³ who had denounced Stukely as "a braggart and a bankrupt" (*un fallito frappatore*). The Cardinal's answer palpably betrays the narrow-minded spirit by which his policy was now shaped. He wrote (1st July 1577):

The Pope was pleased with your answer to Wilson on the subject of Stukely. But if the man is not worse than the English Ambassador has made out, I do not see why we may not hope for some good service from him. If he is poor and a bankrupt, the reason is that he has been driven away from home. If he is a swash-buckler [the Cardinal plays on the martial meaning of the word *frappatore*], he is so because he desires to return.⁴

It seems clear that the Cardinal did not really think Stukely a hero, and risked the Pope's good name by employing a man of doubtful reputation, in an enterprise which could not be brought to a creditable termination, unless it was entrusted to a leader whose honour and integrity were above suspicion. Stukely

¹ *N. di Spagna*, ix. 437; x. 69, 77, 87.

² Later on (January 5, 1578) he added, "Neither the King, nor the Archbishop of Toledo, nor Perez, nor Escovedo, speak well of him [Stukely]. Doctor Sander also is reticent about him." (*Nunziatura di Spagna*, xi. f. 108.)

³ This interview is of great importance as an index to Wilson's honesty. Some very grave accusations against Mary Stuart rest on Wilson's word. (D. Hay Fleming, *M. Stuart*, p. 225, n. 54.) But here his animus and deceitfulness are amply proved by comparing the account, which he wrote home of the interview, with that sent to Rome by Sega. (*Calendar of Hatfield Papers*, ii. 152; Vatican, *Inghilterra*, i. 367.)

⁴ *N. di Spagna*, xx. f. 3.

was not such a man, but James Fitzgerald was, and the different issues of the expeditions which they commanded perfectly correspond to their respective characters.

Stukely's part in the great drama was the first to be played out. He left Ostia not in a few days, as the Cardinal of Como had calculated, but after fifteen months, early in January, 1578, and reached Cadiz on the 4th of April. But he was not allowed by King Philip to refit there, so in May he went on to Lisbon. There he met Sebastian, King of Portugal, who at once attempted to induce the Papal commander to take service in the expedition he was about to lead into Africa. Stukely, with characteristic love of novelty, not only agreed, but wrung from the Cardinal of Como an unwilling consent.¹ He went, he fought, and fell at the disastrous Battle of Alcazar, on the 4th of August, 1581, a cannon-ball having cut off both his legs early in the fight.²

The merits or demerits of character such as Stukely's, cannot be summed up in any one word of praise or blame, any more than those of Hawkins or Raleigh or Drake, or even of Elizabeth herself. Courageous and persevering, he was full of vaunting ambition and great aims, and had an astonishing power of impressing other men with respect for his capacities. But though he could make friends he could not keep them. He changed sides more often than most of the unstable politicians of that age, and after death his memory was execrated by the men who a few months earlier had based extravagant hopes upon his valour and prowess.³ On the other hand, while his popularity failed abroad, it rose at home, and he eventually came to enjoy, as the ballad-writers and playwrights of the time prove, a certain kind of debased popularity, such as was once extended to Dick Turpin, or Colonel Blood, or is in our own days given to speculators who go bankrupt for enormous sums of money. Stukely was in fact a man of his age, an age in which

¹ *Ibid.* xx. 219, May 30, 1578.

² Such was the account which San Joseffe sent to Rome. (*Inghilterra*, ii. 118.) It is needless to add that the disappointment caused by the defeat, and the revulsion of feelings in regard to Stukely, occasioned other less pleasant accounts of his last adventures. Some said he was shot in the back by his own men, others said he left his own company to rally the Spaniards or to get help from them. But it is at least certain that he died a soldier's death in the front rank of the battle.

³ Maffei, *Annali di Gregorio XIII.* (1742), i. 355—360, gives a valuable account of Stukely which is based in great measure on the Nuncio's despatches. He is naturally rather apologetic for Gregory's Government, and accepts suspicions against the Englishman too easily.

adventurers and new men were in the ascendant. They recognized their own, and liked his pluck, even though he was a prodigal who had turned against them and perished in a quarrel in which they had no sympathy.

We now turn to the adventures of the brave James Fitzgerald, an Irishman who possessed a full portion of the chivalrous fighting spirit for which his countrymen are so famous. He started in December, 1577, with but one small ship, but soon captured another, which he declared to be a Breton pirate. Hereupon he put into the nearest port and marched off in triumph with his soldiers to church (it was the feast of the Epiphany, 1578), to return thanks. The captured ship, however, seizing the opportunity, weighed anchor, and sailed off with most of his munitions of war. Fitzgerald followed, and, after the capture of an English ship and other adventures, discovered the runaway in a French port, where, through the friendship and favour of the French Court, it was restored to him.

But by this time (August, 1578) all his stores and money were exhausted, and he returned towards Madrid, but secretly for fear of English spies, to beg for fresh aid, and he obtained it from a somewhat unexpected quarter. His cause was taken up by Dr. Nicholas Sander, a really great churchman, learned, convinced, fearless, honourable. But he was also an extremist, or at least the "forward" man of his party. He was pining for active employment, and weary to death of trying to get Philip to act, and volunteered to join the expedition in person. At first the King would not allow him for fear of offending Elizabeth. But the Nuncio Sega, who had rightly conceived the highest idea of Sander's abilities and determination, at length induced Philip (November, 1578) to let him go to Lisbon, and there underhand a ship was fitted out for Ireland, in which he was to sail, not indeed as Legate or Nuncio, but still as an accredited agent of the Pope.¹

All was ready for departure, when one of Fitzgerald's soldiers was brought before a magistrate of the town for some unimportant offence against civil discipline. He surprised his judge by claiming exemption from jurisdiction because he was a Papal soldier. The whole story of the expedition became public and was soon the talk of the town. The King of Portugal

¹ No Brief or Bull giving him faculties has yet appeared. Official letters to him are addressed simply to "Doctor" Sander. He uses no other title in his own missives.

ordered the disbandment of the force, and Fitzgerald again seemed as far as ever from attaining the object he had in view.

Half desperate, but not despairing, Fitzgerald and Sander now chartered first one small coasting vessel and then another, and so finally started from Spain in June and reached Dingley Bay in safety on the 17th of July. The Desmonds soon rose, and Munster was overrun by rebels, but the brave man, who had thus successfully, after so many disappointments, enkindled the fire of war, was also its first victim. He fell at the moment of victory in a skirmish fought not long after he had landed.

This is not the place to enter into the details of the guerilla warfare which ensued. If the Cardinal of Como had really desired nothing more than to irritate Elizabeth at any cost, he might have been satisfied. The war was as alarming, as annoying, as vexatious to Elizabeth as it could be,—short of causing her Government any really grave danger, or of straining her finances to the breaking-point, or of preventing her supporting the rebels of France and Flanders. But against this altogether paltry advantage is to be set an enormous waste of Papal treasure, a lamentable loss of life and property in Ireland, and, besides the further consequences to which we shall return, the great disaster of Smerwick, of which we must now speak.

The succours which the Nuncio in Spain was to have sent to that port in the spring of 1580, did not arrive till the end of August. The delay was not due to their being great, for they consisted of 600 men only, under the command of Bastian San Joseffe, with arms for 2,000 Irish, but was caused by the incredible pettiness and lack of business capacity in the officials with whom the Nuncio had to deal. "They make me doubt whether there is a sun in heaven," he wrote on the 25th of May, 1580.¹ These striking words are worth notice, for they bring us back to the fundamental reason of Spain's want of success in its great mission as premier Catholic nation—its officials were not educated up to what was required of them. Hence ruinous delays, and the slow but sure failure of the enterprises which depended on their energy. The evil omen of the bad start made by the relief expedition, was soon followed by a crushing disaster. They were smartly attacked by the English, and bombarded in the small fort at Smerwick, in

¹ *N. di Spagna*, xxv. 299.

which they had entrenched themselves. Their courage failed, and they surrendered after only three days' fighting. The English, to their everlasting shame, after reserving six officers for ransom, slaughtered all the rest of their prisoners, putting some of them to death with atrocious tortures (November 10, 1580).

The guerilla warfare, however, still dragged on. Sander died of hardships in March, 1581; the Earl of Desmond escaped slaughter till 1583. But the direct effects of the Irish expedition of 1579 may be said to have worked themselves out by the end of 1581.

But by that time, as all students of English Catholic history know, the Elizabethan persecution had acquired all those hateful features which it so long retained. The royal proclamations of 1580, the Parliamentary laws of 1581, gave the legal sanction to severities so cruel that the legislation of 1585, which marked the culmination of the persecuting movement, could do little more than ensure the summary execution of the measures which had come into use during this period.

That the Irish expedition was in part responsible to this access of angry feeling has never been doubted. But I may quote a few sentences from the Spanish Ambassador's despatches. On the 21st of August, Mendoza wrote :

This Queen has ordered [four earls,] five barons and three hundred gentlemen to be imprisoned . . . in fear of the rising of Catholics here as well as in Ireland.

On October 10th, he adds :

[After describing minor successes of the rebellion in Ireland.] With the aim of preventing disturbance here, they are continuing the imprisonment of Catholics, who suffer with great patience, and give no signs of a desire to resent it; saying publicly that they are powerless to move, except with the certainty of strong support and the co-operation of foreign troops.

These extracts will suffice to illustrate the close connection between the Irish rising and the increase of persecution, and to indicate how unfair to the English Catholics that connection was. The Irish expedition was the occasion, but certainly not the cause, of the Elizabethan atrocities. They were due in the first instance to the fanatical hatred of the zealots for the new religion against the adherents of the old, a rage which had been proved by numerous acts of cruelty extending back

over a period of twenty years. The English soldiers in Ireland gained no advantage from the harassing of inoffensive Catholics in England, while the Irish rebels would have been rather encouraged than dismayed by this sign that Elizabeth was afraid of a large section of her own subjects.

There is another point which needs special consideration here. It is obvious that the history we have related could be so told as to give the Irish expedition the appearance of an aggravated attack of the Church upon the State. It might be represented as an attempt to propagate Catholicism by force of arms, or as what is worse, an attempt to supplement by violence missionary efforts, which were being simultaneously made to convert England by means which were declared to be exclusively spiritual.

These views have been taken, and unless attention is paid to the Vatican documents, it cannot be denied that there seems to be an apparent justification of them. But it is curious, and much to be noted, that Elizabeth herself was of a different opinion. She saw that the trifling part taken by the King of Spain was really more important than the larger part taken by the Pope, and she spoke *honourablement* of him to the French Ambassador, and added ironically that "she wished no harm to the *pauvre bon homme, qui estoit si liberal de donner les royaumes qui n'estoient pas en sa puissance.*" (6th November, 1580.)¹

To arrive at a measured judgment of our own on the subject, it will be well to consider first the expedition as it originally started in 1577, and then the effect of Sander's having joined it in 1578. As it originally started under Fitzgerald and Stukely, it did not coincide with any spiritual attempts to accomplish the spiritual reduction of the country by means of the clergy. On the contrary, it was despatched because there seemed to be no opening whatever for missionary effort, until force should have broken through the barriers which force had set up. However inopportune, inefficient, unwarranted the expedition may have been, it was not, when thus considered, inappropriate to the object in view.

There were, moreover, many arguments which might be urged in favour of an Irish expedition pure and simple. The majority of the country were seriously oppressed, and the Pope had certain vague feudal rights in Ireland which he had not

¹ I have already quoted this passage in *THE MONTH*, April, 1902.

elsewhere, rights which had been recognized by an English Parliament under Queen Mary only twenty years before. Fighting was, moreover, so chronic in that country that a little encouragement to some of the combatants could not be considered as a new departure. It would probably not alter the balance of power very profoundly, and might preserve some ancient clan from extinction, and lead to a more favourable truce than that which the Catholic lords then enjoyed.

But when Sander joined the expedition he gave a new colour to the undertaking. It seemed to become a crusade, or a religious war, in which compromises and half-measures were not only dishonourable but sacrilegious.

Everything was now staked on success. It was no longer possible that the rising should be a mere tribal disturbance. This was simply due to the innate force of Sander's character. When he brought to the Nuncio a copy of a proclamation which he had drafted before leaving Spain, the Italian was startled by its vigour. "It was as vehement as it was true," was the comment he put down in his despatch. A later proclamation of Sander is extant,¹ and witnesses to the truth of the Nuncio's description. When the Nuncio Sega had obtained Philip's leave for Sander to go, he wrote triumphantly (November 18, 1578), "I trust more in the prudence, foresight, and religious convictions of that man than I should (as I might say) in a whole army."

Thus even though Sander struck out no new policy, his words, his presence, his example, made many friends and almost all foes believe that the whole body of his co-religionists were compromised in his venture.

This unfortunate misconstruction was facilitated by the coincidence in time of his expedition to Ireland and the Catholic revival in England. This movement did not begin to be noticed till late in 1579, and did not reach notable dimensions for a year later. When the Irish enterprise was resolved upon in 1577, 1578, neither Sander nor the Pope foresaw what was coming in England, and again, but for the Spanish and Papal delays, the flame of Irish revolt might have flared up and burnt down again before the sound of the English missionaries' voices were heard. As things fell out, however, Persons and Campion had no sooner landed in England and declared that they had no political ends in

¹ Printed in *Ellis's Letters*, Series II. vol. iii. pp. 92—97.

view, than San Joseffe sailed for Ireland at the head of a Papal-Spanish force. Everyone will see what misunderstandings this event would cause; how it would play into the hands of men like Walsingham, who were striving to make Elizabeth and the English Protestants believe that a great Papal League was being formed for their extirpation.

Thus the Irish expedition of 1579, from whichever way we look at it, comes before us as a sad and calamitous blunder, commenced without good purpose, carried out without sufficient skill or energy, foredoomed to ruin, and bringing with it a long, long series of disasters. We take leave of it without having found any redeeming feature, except this very cold comfort, that its worst features were due to unfortunate coincidences which its originators could hardly have foreseen.

J. H. POLLEN.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Ashore and Afloat.

THE recent storm in which *The Pilot* went under, to re-emerge so suddenly after all hope had been abandoned, affords an illustration of an apparent law of inverse ratio between the style of a periodical and its circulation,—a law which asserts itself more emphatically every day. The cultivated section of the public is too scant to support more than a small number of publications adapted exclusively to its own standards; if this number is exceeded, the style must be let down lower and lower in the measure that it is needful to secure the support of the vast reading populace for whose taste some of the best pens in the country find it more prudent, if less glorious, to cater. More directly it is to its advertisements that a periodical has to look for its subsistence in these evil times; but advertisements of the louder and more paying sort depend ultimately on its spread among the gullible populace. One thing is clear, that literary excellence and elevation of tone is commercially unprofitable in journalism as in novel-writing. More fatal still is any sort of temperateness in dealing with political and religious questions. A tone of mental balance, of quiet criticism, of broad tolerance is not to the taste of the many whose delight is vinegar and garlic,—in strong sensations of every kind. Hence, in spite of the fact that its praises were on the lips of all who knew it, and that these seemed to be nearly everyone of one's acquaintance, *The Pilot's* failure was not so astonishing as it was deplorable. Deplorable to none more than to Catholics: for though it was chiefly to the cause of letters that its loss would have been irreparable, yet its treatment of religious questions had been quite uniquely sympathetic in regard to Catholicism at home as well as abroad. Criticism we received at times, and even sharp criticism; but it was never ill-natured or illiberal. If there was to be no longer a little oasis in the

tangled desert of controversy on which Catholics and Anglicans could meet on terms of perfect friendliness and mutual respect we felt it was not Mr. Lathbury's fault.

One is excusably sceptical about the grave-side grief of those who seem anxious by the loudness of their lamentations to pay those debts of affection which paid sooner had averted the calamity; and would fain see the corpse rise from its coffin and put their tears to a practical test. This is just what *The Pilot* has done; and if the chorus of consternation over its submergence be, as we half believe and entirely hope, any augury of its future vigour and longevity, it has indeed nothing to fear.

"Militant Anti-Republicanism."

As we have remarked, *The Pilot* may be expected to carry across the gulf which it has passed the enlightened temper in regard of Catholicism at home and abroad, which used to distinguish it when on the further side, and which in no respect was more conspicuous than in its appreciations of French affairs. This being so, we are taken somewhat aback to find in the number which renews its existence an assumption as to an important matter of fact, which we expect as a matter of course to meet in the ordinary run of our journals, but which, as we have never encountered any attempt to establish it by evidence, we did not expect to find in this particular quarter, unless it were accompanied by what was lacking elsewhere. In the *Notes of the Week*¹ there are some remarks upon the harsh execution (to use the mildest term) of the French Associations Law in France, and it is clearly intimated that those who have applied for authorization and been refused, are hardly treated, inasmuch as they are, in great part at least, estimable bodies, interesting themselves only in good works, whereas those with whom the Government had a just cause of quarrel, "the militant anti-Republican orders, the Jesuits and Assumptionists, do not apply."

May we appeal to *The Pilot* to do what hitherto no one has done, and to show that those who are thus condemned by an epithet have done something to merit it, that they have been convicted, or even that any attempt has been made to convict

¹ P. 476.

them, of being "militant anti-Republicans"? To say nothing of our English journalists, the statemen who carried the Law were challenged again and again in the French Chambers to substantiate such a charge, and, as plain matter of history against the Assumptionists alone was anything specifically alleged, and against them but a technical press offence which the tribunals visited only with a fine of sixteen francs (or thirteen and fourpence of our money), and which was not held to furnish grounds even for the legal suppression of their newspaper. It can hardly have escaped the memory of writers such as those with whom we have to do, that M. de Lamarzelle, in the Senate, after quoting in M. Waldeck-Rousseau's own words all that he had to advance upon the subject, thus continued :

Ces paroles de M. le président du conseil n'indiquent-elles pas de la façon la plus claire et la plus précise que le Gouvernement a essayé de démontrer l'existence d'une action politique de la part de toutes les congrégations visées dans le project de loi déposé par lui, et que, malgré les puissants moyens d'investigation mis par la législation pénale à sa disposition, moyens dont il a usé et abusé, malgré tous les actes d'arbitraire inouï dont il s'est rendu coupable, il n'a trouvé qu'une seule congrégation s'occupant réellement de politique? C'est donc avec raison que M. Barboux qualifie d'iniquité cette généralisation qui consiste à faire retomber sur toutes les congrégations la faute—si faute il y a—d'une seule."

We, for our part, have sought in vain in the official journals of the French Chambers for any reply whatever to the public challenges, of which this is but a single example.

The "Jesuit Doctrine" of Equivocation.

It is not our practice to take exception to what appears in our Catholic contemporaries, even when it is at variance with our own ideas, and we are sorry to have to violate our rule in regard of one which will now have no opportunity of rejoining, but an article in the final number of the *Monthly Register*, whose demise we sincerely regret, leave us little choice.

In a review of Father Joseph Rickaby's *Political and Moral Essays*, we read as follows :

Essay IV. is a reprint of an article in *The Month*, on "The Catholic Doctrine of Lying and Equivocation." By "the Catholic Doctrine" Father Rickaby really means the "Jesuit Doctrine," and he

labours in the approved method of moral theologians of "the Society" to show that mental reservation is allowable in order to keep secrets which one has a right to keep, and to nonplus the private inquirer who would ferret out information from us against our will. He safeguards his teaching by the qualification that such mental restriction is not generally allowable, but only when there is grave reason for it. We could dispense with a good deal of Father Rickaby's ingenious special pleading, bolstered up though it be with many apt illustrations, if he would give us instead a *resumé* of Newman's classical appendix to the *Apologia* on the subject. For ourselves, we agree with the great Cardinal that when a lie has to be told it is better to tell one outright, and think as little as possible about it before and afterwards, rather than to lose one's moral sense of the distinction between truth and falsehood in a maze of equivocations, suitable, it may be, for the subtlety of the Italian mind, but out of place in a straightforward, honest Englishman.

On what may be considered possible matter of controversy in the above extract we do not wish to dwell, and we shall accordingly leave our readers to examine Father Rickaby's essay for themselves, and to judge whether that can properly be called a Jesuit doctrine which he bases entirely on the teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas, and whether the critic has succeeded in forming any idea of what Father Rickaby understands by the term "equivocation." But, as a matter of historical accuracy, we wish to point out that Cardinal Newman says the exact opposite of what he is quoted as saying, the following being the passage from the *Apologia* which is evidently referred to, in which we take the liberty of italicising an important clause which the reviewer has apparently overlooked.¹

To these [doctrines on the subject] may be added the unscientific way of dealing with lies; viz., that on a great or cruel occasion a man cannot help telling a lie, and he would not be a man did he not tell it, but still it is wrong and he ought not to do it, and he must trust that the sin will be forgiven him, though he goes about to commit it. It is a frailty, and had better not be anticipated, and not thought of again, after it is once over. *This view cannot for a moment be defended*, but, I suppose, it is very common.

¹ *Apologia*, First Edition, Appendix, p. 77.

The Church Review and the "Papal Monarchy."

We have on many past occasions found so much in the *Church Review* with which to sympathize that its change of tone to an exasperating aggressiveness rivalling that of the *Church Times* seems to us a matter for sincere regret. Even in the journal last named we have rarely met with a more intemperate or ill-natured article than that recently published in the *Church Review* on Dr. Barry's *Papal Monarchy*.¹ If Dr. Barry had been attacking anyone, or writing theological controversy, or even promiscuously eulogizing the mediæval Popes, such an onslaught might be intelligible. As it is, the sole purpose it seems calculated to serve is to stir up angry feeling and to make bad blood between fellow-Christians. Some six months ago the *Church Review* when noticing a small Catholic Truth Society volume on the *Coronation Ceremonial* thought well, while ignoring absolutely the subject-matter of the book (the reader was left to infer that this was too contemptible for comment), to administer a rebuke for its supposed acerbity of tone, summing up the lesson in such terms as these: "True he (the author) is never guilty of calling his opponents liars, but avoids the necessity by characterizing their statements as 'untrue both in substance and in fact,'² which is a quite excellent style of reluctant (and religious) controversy." But circumstances alter cases; and "the quite excellent style" of religious, if not reluctant, controversy, adopted in the article we speak of by the *Church Review* itself, really deserves to have attention called to it. Here are some of the amenities in which the writer indulges. "With much parade of knowledge and of impartiality Dr. Barry has hardly in either respect risen above the level of the cheapest and most ignorant Roman controversialist." "The astounding statements which we encounter on almost every page of this latest example of Romanist history." "Dr. Barry's language about Œcumenical Councils is indeed scarcely decent." "This absurd passage." "The whole book is full of the vague and

¹ *Church Review*, Dec. 5th, p. 777, and Dec. 19th, p. 806.

² The writer naturally does not mention that the work was a reply to pamphlets of the most provocative type in which no opportunity is lost of saying everything that is unpleasant of the Church of Rome. In particular the "insinuation" (not statement) characterized as "untrue in substance and in fact" began with the words: "In the whole Catholic Church it is only Rome in more recent times that has all but abolished praying for Kings," &c. The word used was *insinuation*, but "characterizing their insinuations" would have spoiled the point, so this conscientious reviewer substitutes "statements."

misty generalizations from inaccurately stated facts which is characteristic of the Kelt at his worst."

From so cocksure a censor we should expect a high standard of accuracy, scholarship, propriety, and all other literary virtues. But what do we find? In the very first of the "astounding statements" to which the critic appeals, Dr. Barry has asserted that "Cyprian recognizes that Rome is *Cathedra Petri* whence the unity of the priesthood took its rise." These words, so the critic declares in the highly superior manner of a pedagogue rebuking an ignorant school-boy, are almost certainly a forgery. "It appeared first in print under somewhat discreditable circumstances in 1568 on the authority of a corrupt Vatican MS."¹ Dr. Barry's reply is crushing:

Had I misquoted the evidence, that would be another matter. But I deny it. The authorities are at hand. You, to my astonishment, reject St. Cyprian's words touching the "*Petri Cathedram unde unitas sacerdotalis exorta est.*" You call them a forgery. But, sir, they are given, not as a forgery, in Hartel's standard edition (III., 683) in the 59th Epistle, "to Cornelius." They are given, not as a forgery, by Archbishop Benson ("*Cyprian,*" 198). Your allusion to Pope Callixtus II. and to the edition of 1568 makes it clear that you have in mind a totally different passage, which did suffer from interpolations in the "*De Unitate Ecclesiae.*"

There were other statements attacked in the review which may or may not be considered fair matter for criticism, though the tone of the reviewer in any case seems to us deplorable. However we are none of us infallible, even the youngest, and if the reviewer had frankly owned his mistake and apologized for the error no one would have thought much more about it. But the reviewer evidently belongs to that particular class of infallibilists who seek to justify themselves. Justify himself he accordingly did a week later in a paragraph which nine readers out of ten will understand to convey that though Dr. Barry by a fortunate accident was able to appeal to another passage of St. Cyprian which covers his retreat, he really had after all been referring to the famous forgery about *Cathedra Petri* in the *De Unitate*. "It is unfortunate," says the reviewer, "that the Bishop of Angers lately used almost the very rhetorical expression 'charter of investiture of the Papacy,' which Dr. Barry says he employs of

¹ What else could you expect of a Vatican manuscript? It comes as natural to a Vatican MS. to be corrupt as it is to a Lambeth MS. to be truthful. One may congratulate the writer on having quite caught that tone of felicitous suggestiveness which so distinguished the late Mr. Hastings Collette.

the passage in the Epistles, of the forgery in the *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*."

"Which Dr. Barry *says* he employs."!! We have no hesitation in saying that the insertion of the quite superfluous word we have italicised is nothing less than atrocious. One really does not expect to find this kind of thing in a religious periodical conducted by gentlemen. Happily, as it chances, the reviewer's insinuation stands self-refuted. Dr. Barry is vindicated not only by the terms of his own quotation, but by the repeated inaccuracies of his critic. Let us summarize a few of these points. But let us first quote the actual words of Dr. Barry's book.

Cyprian of Carthage, in 256, recognizes that Rome is the Chair of Peter, "whence the unity of the priesthood took its rise!" These words and this conception were to furnish the Magna Charta of the Papacy. For the Popes attribute to themselves all that the "Prince of the Apostles" would claim were he living on through the centuries. They fuse into one great idea the spiritual prerogatives of their founder and the legal supremacy of Rome over the whole Empire.

The reader will notice :

I. Even if Dr. Barry *had* been referring to the forged passage there would be little to complain of. He is not writing controversy. He is explaining that, historically speaking, the Papal claims sprang from the fact that Rome was the *Cathedra Petri*, which men conceived of as the source of unity in virtue of the promise *Tu es Petrus*. That this "*conception*," was in course of time "to furnish" the basis of the Papal supremacy nobody disputes.

II. The words which Dr. Barry translates and gives in inverted commas do occur in Cyprian's Epistle 59, of which no one disputes the authenticity, and *they do not occur* in the interpolated passage of the *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*. There is not a word about "priest" or "priestly" in any of the corrupt readings.

III. In order to press home his charge the reviewer quotes the Magna Charta sentence thus: "These words 'form the Magna Charta of the Papacy.'" That is to say, he not only has the dishonesty to leave out the clause "and this conception," but he changed the words "were to furnish" into "form," materially altering the whole signification of the passage. And yet he uses inverted commas as though he were quoting Dr. Barry's exact words, and proceeds to ridicule the idea of

St. Cyprian granting a charter to the Popes. Dr. Barry's thought might perhaps be more clearly expressed than it is, but the sentence obviously does not mean what his reviewer makes it mean.

IV. Then the reviewer refers to the Bishop of Angers as "*lately*" describing the forged passage in the *De Unitate* as "the charter of investiture of the Papacy." His book appeared in 1865, but this is a detail. What is more important is that Mgr. Freppel never said anything of the sort. What he did say may be found in Benson.¹ "The eloquent Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, late Professor at the Sorbonne, in which capacity he delivered his course of lectures on St. Cyprian, repeats the contention that *the giving of the keys to Peter and the charge to feed the flock* is the charter of investiture of the Papacy." So, after all, the charter was not the forged passage in St. Cyprian, but the giving of the keys to Peter, &c.—a very different matter.

V. Even so the reviewer has not yet finished justifying himself. If he has made any mistake, he urges, "this mistake is largely the fault of Dr. Barry himself, and is the result of his adoption of the unhappy French custom of writing history without footnotes or references." But this feature is found in most if not all of the volumes of "the Story of the Nations." Mr. Freeman, for instance, whom the reviewer eulogizes, adopts the same "unhappy French custom" in the companion volume on *Sicily*. We may assume that the arrangement is due not to the contributors but to the publishers of the series.

We might go on, but this will suffice. Five plain blunders, to use no harsher term, in miscorrecting one single supposed error. This is not bad for a man who inveighs in every paragraph against Dr. Barry's "habitual looseness of thought ;" "hopeless inaccuracy," "meretricious rhetoric," "incorrect style," neglect of "original documents," and so on. We should have liked to say something upon the question of the interpolated St. Cyprian, but space is wanting. It is surprising that so cocksure and omniscient a person as the reviewer does not seem to have made acquaintance with Dom Chapman's recent articles on the subject in the *Revue Bénédictine*. We venture to suggest that he will find them improving reading.

¹ P. 201.

Reviews.

I.—THE PAPAL MONARCHY.¹

IT is an illustration of the growing fairness of English publishers that a Catholic writer should have been asked to undertake the volume on the Papal Monarchy in the *Story of the Nations* series. Nor has Dr. Barry misused his opportunity, but, while bringing a Catholic insight to bear upon a Catholic subject, he shows throughout a solicitude to be impartial in awarding praise and blame to the various Pontiffs, indeed is perhaps more severe on some of them than their actions deserved.

By the Papal Monarchy he understands the practical sovereignty exercised by the Popes over Western Christendom during the ten centuries which separate the age of Leo the Great from the age of the Renaissance. Not indeed that he treats of the whole of this long period, for, after two chapters of Introduction, he commences with the reign of St. Gregory the Great, when the Papal Monarchy was at length fully established, and ends with the reign of Boniface VIII., when the course of its decadence set in. It is an assignment of limits which corresponds not with any formal change in political or ecclesiastical relations, but with a broad division in the history of European civilization. Until the age of St. Gregory the Roman Empire was the potent factor in the welding of the nations, but, on the fall of the Empire, the Apostolic See succeeded to its place as the head of a world-wide sovereignty, and became the master-builder of the new Christian civilization. This lasted till the fourteenth century, when a new spirit came over the times, and led on to a third civilization—the one we call modern. By this the religious unity of Christendom was broken up, and the secular States began to exercise supreme influence, whilst social progress

¹ *The Story of the Nations: The Papal Monarchy.* By the Rev. William Barry, D.D. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1902.

came to be measured chiefly by secular standards, and religious principles were relegated to a subordinate rank.

This period of the Papal Monarchy was no time of mere peaceful development, but a time of storm and stress, during which the principles of the Gospel had to contend for the mastery with fierce passions and undisciplined characters in high places, during which, if the spirit of the sanctuary acted powerfully on the outside world, the spirit of the world reacted powerfully on the sanctuary, and introduced into it unworthy priests, Bishops, and even Popes, to the grievous neglect of pastoral care and the grievous multiplication of clerical scandals; and yet a time during which the strength of an all-pervading faith, deep-rooted in the hearts even of the worst, lent to the rule of the Papacy a sanction which supplied for its want of armed force.

To record satisfactorily, even in outline, a history so comprehensive and so complicated, to estimate at their true value the numerous characters which move across its vast stage, and to discriminate justly between the good and the bad in their actions and measures, is obviously an undertaking of exceeding difficulty. Indeed, it is impossible within the compass of four or five hundred pages to attain to more than a substantial accuracy, which after all is the utmost we expect from any general history whatever of a lengthened period. This must be borne in mind in judging of Dr. Barry's volume. It would be easy to take exception to some of his details. To instance a single case, his unqualified condemnation of Gregory VI. seems to us to outrun the evidence. In this Pope he tells us "simony had achieved its masterpiece," for he bought the Papacy of its previous tenant, Benedict IX. for money down. It is true that Gregory paid a large sum to Benedict to induce him to resign, but whatever may have to be said of the impropriety of such an act, so far at least his motive was good, for Benedict was a perfect monster of iniquity, and his removal was the greatest blessing the Church could have. It is not, however, so certain that Gregory intended to buy the succession for himself, or do more than create a vacancy, which the lawful electors filled up by freely selecting their deliverer for the dignity. There is a conflict of testimony among the chroniclers, and, though the account unfavourable to Gregory comes from those who were most nearly contemporary, it is a strong point in Gregory's favour, that Hildebrand, afterwards St. Gregory VII.,

was his firm friend who, though himself so resolute a foe to simoniacal elections, stood by his namesake throughout, and evidently believed in his innocence.

If, however, in this and several other instances that we have noted, Dr. Barry does not altogether carry us with him in his conclusions, his book bears the marks of being no mere compilation, but a work for which he must have prepared himself by very extensive reading and reflection. The general correctness too of his judgments we may reasonably acknowledge, though it seems to us that they suffer also from a general defect which was perhaps unavoidable. One can appreciate his motive for avoiding the manner of "a theologian writing on dogma," or of an "apologist who desires to exhibit conclusions in favour of his religious system," and concerning himself only "with the facts of history, not with the inferences and deductions from them." Still, the effect of such abstention is to limit his delineation too much to the exterior aspect of the facts, to the disregard of their inner spirit. After all facts are only intelligible so far forth as we can see them in their relation to the principles of which they are the outcome, and yet it is just the exposition of these principles, and of the causes which recommended them, whether to Popes or Kings—for instance, in regard to such questions as investiture and clerical immunities—in which the volume is deficient, apparently on the ground that it belongs to the sphere of apologetics. The result is that, in spite of the merits of this little treatise, the reader may easily grow bewildered amidst the never-ending succession of quarrels and contentions between Popes and Sovereigns, and wonder what it was all about, and what relation it could all have had to the plantation and growth of a great Christian civilization.

2.—HISTORICAL ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.¹

Mrs. Creighton has edited and published another collection of essays and reviews contributed by her late husband to various periodicals. He pleads that the only bond which connects them is that they illustrate different sides of Dr. Creighton's activities, but it is a bond which will readily satisfy the reader, who will be glad of the insight afforded into the *πράξεις* of

¹ *Historical Essays and Reviews.* By Mandell Creighton, D.D., sometime Bishop of London. Edited by Louise Creighton. London: Longmans.

a singularly bright and reflective mind, and may learn from them what opportunities for using well his *horæ subsequæ* a man may find in the associations of his own neighbourhood, or the places where he spends his holidays. Thus, the article on a Man of Culture, namely, Gismondo Malatesta, was the outcome, Mrs. Creighton tells us, of a holiday spent at Rimini; that on the Italian Bishops of Worcester, of his tenure of a canonry in Worcester Cathedral. His life as a North-country parson led him to think out the causes which determined the position of the Northumbrian Border, and his episcopate at Peterborough interested him in the history of the Fenland.

What is so captivating in Bishop Creighton's style is his power of imparting a living interest to subjects which in less able hands would make but dull reading. Of this sort are the two delightful papers on *A Schoolmaster of the Renaissance* and *A Learned Lady of the Sixteenth Century*, as also the papers on *Fenland* and *The Northumbrian Border*. Not that these are the only papers in which the Bishop has known how to bathe his subject in a literary sunlight, for there is not a dull page in the whole book. At the same time, with all his power of quickening past events into a semblance of restored life, he was never really a historian. He had the wish to be and took the pains to be; but, unlike Mr. Gairdner, who can realize his purpose of saturating himself with the literature of a past period till he can think in its grooves, and so come to understand it, Bishop Creighton can never help importing into the past the insularity and prejudices of the modern English clergyman, with the result that he usually failed to understand it.

One illustration of this defect in the present volume is to be found in the essay on Æneas Piccolomini, who became Pius II. In his earlier days, when as yet only in minor orders and a political cleric, Æneas, if he did not involve himself in the same grave scandals as too many of his clerical contemporaries, was guilty of serious irregularities of conduct, was altogether a man of the world rather than an ecclesiastic, and subordinated higher considerations far too much to schemes for personal advancement. In this earlier period, too, he sided with the anti-Papal party at Basle, and wrote sharply against Eugenius IV. Later his life and opinions underwent a change, and he became in turns, priest, Bishop, and Cardinal, and, renouncing his former views, a defender of the Papal as against the Conciliar party. Dr. Pastor as well as Dr. Creighton has written

of this interesting personage, and it is instructive to compare their accounts. Dr. Pastor has nothing like Dr. Creighton's power of vivid presentation, but his insight into the character of Æneas Sylvius is surely the more conformed to the natural construction of the latter's copious writings. The change in Æneas was due to conviction and conversion. Yet Dr. Creighton, who seems always incapable of crediting a Pope with edifying motives, can only infer that Æneas changed his ways because the course of his career passed into a phase when opinions and conduct which previously would have checked his advancement would now assist it. Even his devotedness to the crusade against the advancing tide of Mohammedanism, which was so admirable in the last days of his suffering life, and which, if only it could have moved the Christian Sovereigns to lay aside their internecine disputes, would have saved Europe from an ailment which still afflicts it, was, in Dr. Creighton's estimation, little less than ridiculous, and to be explained not by any genuine zeal for the cause of Christendom, but by the desire of Pope Pius to leave behind him some conspicuous impress of his personality on the age to which he belonged.

3.—BIBLIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.¹

We most cordially welcome the last and concluding volume of Mr. Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics*. Our Catholic body has not yet passed through the stage in which it has to fight for its existence, and this accounts for the unusual preponderance in modern Catholic literature of cheap and controversial writings. Hence we feel the more satisfaction in seeing this large and scholarly work at last completed. The book is not intended to be read on end, yet when one begins to dip in and look up, any particular name, one can hardly resist the temptation to wander on from one biography to another, from the account of one controversy to that of the next. The lives are all told in a tone of moderation, and with an evident desire to be scrupulously accurate. The amount of ground which the Dictionary covers is vast, and it may in general be described as virgin soil. Mr. Gillow is a pioneer,

¹ *Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics from 1534 to the present time*. By Joseph Gillow. Vol. V. Mey—Zoo. i. 599 pp.

who has opened out for himself a new region for study, and has furnished us with a guide to it, with which no one who comes after him can dispense.

On two points we are disposed to find fault. In the first place, Mr. Gillow shows an undue deference to Dodd (Hugh Tootell), and to his commentators, Dr. Kirk and Canon Tierney. This respect is in a certain way honourable, for they were in a sense his forerunners, though he has far outstripped them. Nevertheless, the materials at their disposal were far more limited than those which our author has had at command, and their judgments were very much warped by the controversies of their times. To quote their opinions so freely as authoritative, to describe their controversial writings as unimpeachable, surely savours of filial exaggeration. Was it they who misled him about the so-called *Panzani Memoirs*? These were not made up, as Mr. Gillow seems to think (pp. 324, 533), from Panzani's *Relazione*, but from Nicoletti's *Life of Urban VIII.*, in a way that substantially justified Father Plowden's censure.

The second and even greater fault in this volume is one of which Mr. Gillow is evidently innocent. The publishers announced in the fourth volume that the second half of the alphabet would have to be compressed into one. We strongly protested at the time, but the guillotine has fallen, and we have to regret numerous and important omissions. We look, for instance, for the Catholic Lord Monteagle, who is so well known for the part he took in the discovery of the Powder Plot, and who afterwards swerved in his faith. Mr. Gillow, under *Mounteagle Lord*, refers us on to the family name *Parker*. But when we look for this name, p. 243, we find the article has been cut out altogether! A similar omission is made at p. 542, of a very interesting name, Richard Thompson, referred to at p. 324, No. 14; another at p. 122. A list by Father Thurston of the converts of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose lives were important enough to find a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, will be found in this periodical for 1897. Sixteen of these names belong to the second half of the alphabet, and should have found a place here. In point of fact there are only ten. To say nothing of several omissions noted in other reviews of this book, we do not find such well-known names as Bishop Watson, Thomas Morgan, Thomas Stukely, Sir Richard Shelley, or Father Petre. The omissions among the Jesuit

authors are very frequent. Under W., for instance, we only find one Jesuit, where Foley gives over a dozen (Walpole, Waterworth, Weld, &c.) who ought to have been mentioned.

The blame for this however evidently does not lie with the author of this book, though the praise for its erudition is his own. Nowhere else do we find such information about Catholic publishers and printers, about old books of devotion, extinct periodicals, rare printed portraits. The value of English Catholic books is constantly rising in the market, and we may be sure that Mr. Gillow's work will become more and more indispensable to the book-buyer. An appendix of pseudonyms of cross references for controversies, with a reprint of his letters to the *Tablet* on Catholic periodical publications, would supply a want that is still very much felt.

4.—RELIGION FOR CHILDHOOD AND MANHOOD.¹

L'Enfant et la Vie and *Ames Religieuses* are the titles under which Père Bremond, S.J., has just published two collections of past essays and articles. While each collection has its own unifying interest they both agree in revealing the writer as a keen-eyed and delicately sympathetic observer of human nature in all its phases, whether in the unconscious limitations of childhood or in the more pathetic, because self-conscious struggles of the soul in conflict with its limitations. His dominant interest, his point of reference throughout, is, of course, religious; but not in a narrow and exclusive sense, as though because it is the chief, religion were also the sole constituent of life; rather his problem is the reconciliation of its claims with those of its co-factors to which he is so keenly alive. A religion that is to live and flourish must have its roots deep down in human nature, must consecrate spring-time no less than autumn, the gladness of life no less than its sorrow; else though it shoot up quickly, it will as quickly wither away. The general burden of the essays of the first volume is the need of weaving religion into the very texture of a child's life instead of braiding it on the surface; of letting it be felt as congenial to the affections and imagination rather than as an imposed system of brain-puzzles and wearisome restrictions. Something

¹ *L'Enfant et la Vie*. Paris: Perrin et Cie. *Ames Religieuses*. Paris: Victor Retaux.

analogous to the Kindergarten method applied to religious instruction would be no innovation but a return to oldest and divinest methods of Him who embodied truth in tales that it might enter the lowliest doors. In the work of Mother Loyola of York, Père Bremond recognizes an effort in this direction whose results may be incalculably important for the religion of the future.

If in his criticism of the child the writer proves that under all the strata of later experience his own buried childhood lives fresh in memory and serves him with a key wherewith to open doors that are locked to staler maturity, yet it is in dealing with the complexities of formed character that his suppleness and versatility show to best advantage, as those who remember *L'Inquiétude Religieuse* will readily believe. The gift of seizing the distinctiveness of a personality and of fixing it with a few firm, delicate touches is all his own. He seems to get at men's ideas through sympathy with their sentiments, rather than conversely; and hence is at home in England as in France; in the seventeenth century, as in the twentieth.

It is perhaps only an accomplished French scholar who will be able to rate these books at their full literary value; still many who will not be able to define, far less imitate the charm of their style will feel its influence, and recognize the author's claims as a finished writer no less than as a reflective thinker.

5.—CRADLE SONGS.¹

A right daintily conceived musical album in oblong form, containing dainty verses and music to match. Such is the first general impression received from inspecting this artistic publication, nor does closer scrutiny reveal any cause for modifying our verdict. The composer's melodies are sweet, appropriately simple, and, in the main, flow on naturally—certain original touches in their handling easily saving them from commonplace. Ingenuity without any great difficulty forms a striking feature of the accompaniments. Possibly those assigned to "Baby Mine" might be deemed, in places, a trifle too full for lightness. In almost every number there is a welcome absence of sameness—a fault difficult to avoid on account of the

¹ *Eight Cradle Songs*. The verses mainly by Claude Monroe. Set to music by Cecil Fortescue. With decorated cover, full-page frontispiece, and twelve designs by Paul Woodroffe. Geo. Allen, Ruskin House, Charing Cross, W.C.

unchanging nature of the subject—the innocent cradle-sleep of babyhood. To turn now to the work of the writer. Though the quality of verse throughout far exceeds the standard with which librettists are wont to rest satisfied, one may single out for special praise the graceful Dedicatory Verses—the second stanza, to the dead child Phebe, possessing exceptional charm and Christian pathos—and the “Pilot Boat,” which forms an Epilogue without music to the whole series. Exception, however, must be taken to the rhyming of “is” with “kiss,” in the otherwise happy lines of the “Watcher’s Cradle Song;” and, with all deference to the admitted licence of poets, we own to a distaste for the fanciful conceit of sleeping angels, suggested in the line “Mother will watch till the angels wake”—of the song “Sleep, little babe.” Nevertheless both the words and the music of this number are, in our judgment, among the best in the book, despite a faint reminder of Edward German in the melody and its accompaniment. Mr. Woodroffe’s share in the labour is only what acquaintance with his previous efforts led us to expect—refined in taste and delicately minute in detail. His charming and simply natural frontispiece, depicting the traditional “tree-top” baby, cradled somewhat riskily among wind-swept boughs, speaks well for his art. One can pay no higher tribute to the vividness of his picture than by saying that it makes one pleasantly sleepy to look at it.

The elegance and finished neatness with which both press-work and binding have been planned and executed deserves no small measure of praise. But this merit only causes us to regret the more certain evidences of carelessness in presenting the music—the most noticeable of which being the omission, in the voice part, of “binds” to pairs of quavers corresponding to one syllable of the text. No less than four examples of this force themselves upon the critic’s notice in the one page of “Dream, Baby, Dream.” Such venial blemishes, however, cannot detract materially from the general excellence of the work, upon which the several *collaborateurs* should be sincerely congratulated.

6.—THE ART OF FREDERICK WALKER.¹

The spread of instruction concerning Art, its principles and its value, which is so marked a feature of our time, is one for

¹ *Frederick Walker.* By Clementina Black. London: Duckworth and Co. viii. 198 pp. 2s. net.

which we have to be thankful, as being likely to do something to elevate and refine a generation which so many influences combine to materialize and degrade. At the same time, we cannot but feel that amongst the benefits conferred on the reader of much which is written on the subject, not the last in impressiveness will be, in many an instance, a profound sense of his own irredeemably Philistine limitations, and of the totally different plane on which he must be content to dwell, from that which is inhabited by the tribes of the initiated.

Frederick Walker, for example, to whom the pretty little volume before us is devoted, is not hard to appreciate, up to a point. All who have eyes to see can understand the graceful charm and truthfulness of his landscape, and the sound draughtmanship with mind in it, which makes his figures very different from those of so many others. But when we are told, on the authority of Sir John Millais, that Walker was "the greatest artist of the century," and, on that of George Mason, that he was the "biggest genius of the present day," and when Miss Black goes on to assure us in regard of one picture in particular, that it is possible to admire greatly others of his, "without feeling that sympathetic thrill of something at once kindred and universal that will awaken for one beholder at one man's work, and for another beholder at another's," but that "those who love *Well-sinkers* at first sight and go on loving it more and more, are true disciples 'sealed of the tribe,'"—when we read such things as these, a good many of us will confess, if they will speak the truth, that they are—in modern phrase—quite "out of it," and have not even a glimmer of perception of what other eyes seem to see.

To speak our mind plainly, verdicts such as the above appear to be extravagances, from which the cause of Art has at least as much to fear as from depreciators. Walker, for all his power, did not succeed in investing his creations—at least the more ambitious and more important—with that human interest which, in one guise or another, is the supreme note of the highest art. Not only did he never, like the painter of the *Angelus*, strike a note lifting men's thoughts to higher things, but if he ever gave expression to the pathos or the seriousness or other deeper aspects of life, we have not been so fortunate as to discover it. To take his most celebrated pictures. Where we ask is the central idea that links together the figures in the *Harbour of Refuge*, the groups of inmates and visitors, and the

statuesquely postured mower who is the most striking and the least suggestive of them all? In the *Plough*, it is hard to say whether the landscape is intended to serve as a background to the figures, or the figures as an item in the landscape. In the *Bathers*, the last thing that the boys represented seem to be thinking of is bathing, the dominant idea of the group is that they are being painted. From no one of the pictures do we carry away a fresh light as to the sorrows or toils or joyousness of life. And if, as we are told, "Walker's are down just now," we believe this to be the obvious reason. It is very well to talk of "Art for Art's sake," but in the long run, and by the common consent of men, Art attains her highest elevation only when she consents to be the medium of expression for something higher than herself.

7.—THE MANOR FARM.¹

In the *Manor Farm* Mrs. Francis Blundell gives us a story of Dorsetshire yeoman life, and one naturally compares it with the novels of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy may be the more powerful writer, but Mrs. Blundell is an artist of no mean talent, who thoroughly understands her characters and can make them live vigorous lives on her canvas. *The Manor Farm* is a thoroughly healthy story of strongly marked characters, honest and sturdy, thoroughly right-minded in their principles, and yet most narrow in their views; warm-hearted, and capable of firm friendships, and yet easily provoked to wrath; devotedly attached to their children, but brooking no revolt against their decisions. It is but a quiet tale of rustic love, in which the incidents are few and simple, but the pathos is maintained throughout, and the unconscious humour of the characters pervades almost every page.

Joe and Giles Maidment are two cousins, both being farmers and occupying each one half of an old manor-house which in past days had been the undivided possession of the head of their family. They are fast friends and cronies and, as Joe has but one son, Reuben, and Giles one daughter, Beulah, four years younger than Reuben, they feel that the two would make a nice match, through which the two Manor Farms would become the united Manor Farm again. Having come to this agreement between themselves it never occurred to Joe and Giles that the

¹ *The Manor Farm.* By M. E. Francis. London: Longmans.

young people might wish to have a say in a matter which concerned them so closely. Reuben and Beulah were bound to obey their parents who knew better what was good for them than they did themselves. And so from infancy it was taken for granted that they were destined for each other and would marry in due time.

The usual result followed, and Reuben and Beulah declared that they could not abide each other. The crisis came when Reuben was twenty and Beulah sixteen. Reuben had fallen in with another maiden whom he found more attractive than Beulah, and Joe chancing to meet them walking together was scandalized at the sight of his son "coortin' a strange maid." A conference took place between Joe and Giles as to what should be done to ward off the danger. "How'd it be to get the knot tied at once, and put them both out of reach of temptation," suggested Joe. But Giles thought his maid too young as yet for marriage.

"Still, there bain't no reason why they shouldn't start coortin'. We mid ha thought on't before. As you do say, Neighbour Joe, they've a-got to the time a' life when it come nat'ral to young folks to go a-coortin, and why should they not coort each other and make all safe."

Joe agrees, and the young folks are accordingly called up at once.

"We've called you two young folks here the day," began Giles, solemnly, "to say summat partickler, oncommon partickler, I wid say."

He nodded to Joe for confirmation of the statement, and Joe nodded portentously.

"We was a reckonen' up just now," continued the speaker, deliberately, "and we did make out as you've both come to the time of life when you mid nat'rally be thinkin' o' startin' coortin'. So now we've made up our minds, and you can start coortin'." "E-es," agreed Joe, "that's about the shape o't, you can start straight off."

"Ye can begin this minute," resumed Giles, "if you do like."

They did not like, but kept silent, one frowning, the other biting her teeth.

The elders began to laugh waggishly.

"Blest if they know how to begin," exclaimed Giles. "We'll ha to start them, Joe, I b'lieve. They mid give each other a kiss, don't you think? "E-es," agreed Joe, judiciously, "e-es there wouldn't be no harm in it at all."

Constrained by paternal reverence, Reuben frigidly pecked

Beulah's cheek, and Beulah forthwith wiped the spot carefully with her apron.

Under these conditions a catastrophe was sure to be very near. Reuben determined to be free at all costs, and leaving home took an ordinary labourer's position under his aunt, who in taking him, warned him that he must not indulge in any expectations from her, whilst his father cut him out altogether from his will and refused to own him longer as a son.

Through what perverse complications the original intention of the old men was carried out in spite of them, and the Manor Farm became the United Manor Farm after all, the reader must find out from Mrs. Blundell's delightful pages.

8.—THE ENGLISH REFORMATION FROM HENRY VIII. TO THE
ACCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mr. James Gairdner being indisputably the first among the historians of the reign of Henry VIII., we cannot but welcome any work of his which sums up and popularizes the stores of information which he has printed in his *Calendars of State Papers*. The volume before us does this for those religious and ecclesiastical subjects in which we are most interested, and it does more. It gives them their due place when considered among the other events of the time. It show us how they were caused, and what they led to. It is the best and completest history which has yet been published of the first period of the English Reformation, comprising the Rejection of Papal Jurisdiction, the Suppression of the Monasteries, the Terror under Thomas Cromwell, and ending with Mary's reaction. The last four chapters are perhaps not quite so excellent as the first fourteen. But then the materials for the latter period are still in chaotic disorder.

It will easily be believed that Mr. Gairdner's erudition would show itself in bringing together a goodly store of accurate and relevant details. What causes us such special pleasure is the elevation of his views, the breath of his sympathies, and his grasp of the theological or canonical problems involved in the Divorce Question and that of the Papal jurisdiction. Mr. Gairdner does not in the least pretend to antiquate acknowledged authorities on this or that episode. He refers with scholar-like

¹ *The English Church in the Sixteenth Century from the accession of Henry VIII. to the death of Mary.* By James Gairdner. Macmillan, 1902. vii. 430 pp.

The Elizabethan Prayer Book and Ornaments, with an Appendix of Documents. By Henry Gee, D.D. Macmillan, 1902. xxiii. 288 pp.

directness to the works of Abbot Gasquet, Fathers Bridgett, Morris, Van Ortoy, Hamy,—(only once to Froude, viz., a correction)—when he comes to the subjects of which they respectively treat. But none of these writers reaches from one end of Mr. Gairdner's epoch to the other, or professes to deal with all the factors of its history as he does. His is a volume apart, a masterpiece in its way, which no English Catholic library should be without.

At the same time, Mr. Gairdner's position is quite frankly Anglican. To put the matter in our own way, he seems to be so satisfied with the Anglican Church of to-day, that he thinks its advantages were not too dearly purchased by the miseries which attended the break with Rome.¹ What our judgment as theologians would be on such a proposition may be easily guessed, but we gladly acknowledge that in practice the opinion has effectually preserved Mr. Gairdner from playing the part of an advocate.

Dr. Gee takes up the story where Mr. Gairdner leaves it off, confining his attention however to the changes in the Anglican Liturgy. He does his work well, with a sound scholarly method. But when we compare him with the master, how narrow are his aims, how restricted is his grasp, how fearful does he not show himself of contravening the traditions of his Anglican forefathers! Still Dr. Gee has improved a good deal on his *Elizabethan Clergy*. He has begun to appreciate the *Calendars* of foreign ambassadors' despatches, and though he uses them awkwardly (e.g., always confusing the Mantuan Envoy and the Venetian Ambassador), he has got some valuable information from the despatches, and in time will learn more, for there is still much more in these sources on the very topics in which Mr. Gee is interested.

9.—OLD AND NEW.²

We have had a book of spiritual instruction styled *Nova et Vetera*, now we have *Vetera et Nova*, this being the title that stands at the head of every other page in the book before us. The distinction is not altogether without a difference. The characteristic feature of Father Tyrrell's volume is the freshness and novelty with which eternal verities are adapted to the mental needs of a generation which has so largely broken loose from the ideas of those that preceded it. Father Walsh, on

¹ See p. 386.

² *Old and New*. By Rev. N. Walsh, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1902. xii. 368 pp.

the other hand, caters for those who think that the old is better, not as to substance only, but as to the method of handling it as well. He accordingly gives us a spiritual book of the good old-fashioned type which satisfied and edified our honest forefathers and will do the same for those who are happy enough to know nothing of the perplexities and anxieties which modern thought has created for the distress and bewilderment of souls. He begins with a consideration of "the causes—remote and immediate—of many Catholics being, as such, failures." Then proceeding to the remedies, he takes up in order "those divine truths, duties and practices which Catholics should study and consider 'in order 'to be impressed,' in order to make Catholicity a living, working reality and power in their lives." Finally he urges that the all-important exercise of spiritual meditation, and the fulfilment of what Catholics know as their "duties," though undoubtedly imposing a "yoke" and a "burden," cannot be said to be beyond the strength of men of good-will.

10.—UNRECONCILED ALSACE.¹

The four tales collected in this volume give a terribly realistic picture of life in the province annexed now for more than thirty years by Germany, but held only as a conquered country by main force, always chafing against the bonds that link it to the car of its conqueror, and yearning with romantic affection after the country from which it has been torn. The stories are pathetic and full of interest; that in particular which is styled *The Deserter*, shows in a high degree both skill and power. There are, however, two features above all which must attract attention. The first is the note of utter sadness that runs through the tales. The melancholy ending is as much a fixed rule with their author as is the happy ending with some others. There is not one but is calculated to leave the reader mourning. Even more noteworthy is the sentiment of utter and unmeasured detestation breathed throughout towards the present masters of the province for whom, from beginning to end, there is not a good word, and in whom no single estimable quality seems to be recognized. If such sketches at all represent the actual sentiments of the inhabitants, after the lapse of all these years, nothing can be conceived more melancholy than their condition.

¹ *Alsatian Tales*. By Jean Delaire. Illustrated by Alfred Touchemolin. London: Sands and Co., 1902. 258 pp. 5s.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FROM the Catholic Truth Society we have in the first place *The Pope and the People: Select Letters and Addresses on Social Questions by His Holiness Leo XIII.* (paper cover 1s., cloth 2s.) This is a new and revised edition of a book which has been before the public for some eight years, preceded by a brief but admirable Preface by Mr. C. S. Devas, who points out with all the authority which he has so good a right to claim, how much of solid value attached to the utterances of the Holy Father upon such subjects, and how favourably they contrast with the boastful anticipations of self-sufficient science, already discredited by the stern logic of experience.

By the Merest Chance (S. M. Lyne, 1s.) is an excellent story which we warmly recommend. The plot is clever and interesting, the scene being laid partly in Italy and partly in England, and some pretty pictures of both countries being shown. It would be unpardonable to say more, for any particulars that might be given would needs disclose the point upon which all turns, and so in great measure destroy the pleasure which we hope many readers will find in following out the fortunes of the heroine and her friend.

A Christmas Sheaf (3d., cloth 6d. net) is another booklet of verse like those noticed in our last number. In it are gathered things old and new, contributions being levied on authors so various as Father Southwell the martyr, Robert Herrick, Richard Crashaw, Christina G. Rossetti, Isaac Watts, and Lionel Johnson, to name but a few. The result is a very attractive collection well suited for its purpose of helping to do what unfortunately becomes every year more necessary,—to Christianize Christmas.

Jesu Redemptor (1d.) is a fragment of the above selection.

In *Doubts against Faith* (reprinted from the *Catholic World*. Price 2d.) J. F. X. Westcott sets himself to solve the fundamental problems as to how the certitude of Faith can be the supremest of all certitudes, it being acknowledged that the demonstration of the truths of religion does not intellectually exclude the *possibility* of disbelief, as do those of mathematics, or of physical experience. What he says is doubtless sound, and there are some shrewd and cogent observations, but we must confess to a fear that many, even a majority, of those who need assistance in the matter, will not succeed in grasping the purport of his argument, and may even suppose that he wishes them to believe without evidence, and on the strength of a determination to do so for which they have no sufficient reason to offer. It is, of course, true that the will is an all-important factor in the process of belief,—but as seconding the testimony of the understanding, not as supplanting it. It must also be never forgotten in treating this subject, that Christian Faith is a supernatural theological virtue infused by God directly into the soul, and that on this supernatural sanction its supremacy depends. As Cardinal Newman has said, "Faith is a venture before a man is a Catholic, it is a grace after it. We approach the Church in the way of reason, we live in it in the light of the Spirit."

The World and its Maker (By Father J. Gerard, S.J. Price 3d.) is a reprint of the paper read at the recent Newport Catholic Conference. It deals with the active infidel propaganda now in progress, and exhibits some arguments furnished by modern science itself in contradiction of the materialistic doctrines constantly proclaimed by those who claim to speak in her name.

Testamentary Appointment of Guardians of Infants. This leaflet is prepared for the Catholic Guardians Association (8, Cavour Street, Walworth, London, S.E.) by Mr. W. C. Maude, and gives all necessary information on the important subject with which it deals, with forms of Appointment for the benefit both of those who can write their own name, and those who have to sign with a mark. Such instructions will doubtless save much trouble and anxiety especially, to priests on the mission, and the Secretary of the above-named Association will be glad to send a copy to any one who may desire.

If there were nothing else to recommend them *Short Verses on Scripture Thoughts* (C.T.S., price 1s. 6d.) would be interesting

on account of their history and associations. The writer, Mr. J. W. Bowden, was described by Cardinal Newman as "my great friend, with whom I passed almost exclusively my undergraduate days." He joined the Tractarian Movement with even more than common earnestness, and had a singular love for the prayers of the Catholic Church, habitually using the Roman Breviary. But he saw the Promised Land only from afar, dying in 1844, before his friend and chief took the great step which he would so probably have followed. He was also a contributor to the *Lyra Apostolica*, and the verses collected in this booklet are what this fact might lead us to anticipate—instinct with reverence and piety, workmanlike in structure, and inculcating simple devotional lessons in language that can be understood of people in general.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (December.)

The University of Dillingen. *O. Brannsberger*. The knowledge of hearts and thought reading on the part of the Saints. *J. Bessmer*. Frankish Sepultures in the Christian epoch. *S. Beissel*. The Legal Aspect of the French Associations Law. *H. Gruber*. A Nativity Play in the earlier Middle Ages. *W. Geser*. Reviews, &c.

THE DOLPHIN. (December.)

The Magi and the Star. *Dr. J. Tracy*. An old Physician's Remedy for New Diseases. *Fra Arminio*. Under the Cedars and the Stars. *Rev. P. Sheehan*. Catholic Oxford. *Prof. W. Stockley*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 6 and 20.)

The Roman Apostolate of St. Peter. The year of St. Satirus' Death. The Vienna Congress and the Holy See (May, 1814). Liturgical Books. The Question of Divorce and the Chamber of Deputies. Trades Unions. Human Temperaments—new theories and old. The History of Art.

LES ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (December 5 and 20.)

The Religious turning-point in the Life of Renan. *L. de Grandmaison*. Progress and Tradition in the Matter of Exegesis. *F. Prat*. The New Dam in Assouan. *F. de Vregille*. Reason and the subordinate Mental Processes. *V. Poucel*. The Marquis de Beaucoury as a Historian. *H. Chérot*. The Bible and Assyriology. *A. Condamin*. The Evolution of the Anglican Clergy—*W. C. Lake*. *H. Bremond*. Reviews, &c.

LE CANONISTE CONTEMPORAIN. (November.)

Religious Congregations with Simple Vows. *A. Boudinhon*. The New Decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Proceedings of Roman Congregations. Review of Books of Hagiography.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (December.)

Scientific Theories regarding the Holy Shroud. *A. L. Donnadieu*. John Casimir and the Social Question in the Seventeenth Century; Dante Alighieri. *P. Fontaine*. So spake Zarathrousta. *Abbé Delfour*. Recent Research regarding the Franciscan Third Order. *F. Vernet*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE DU CLERGÉ FRANÇAIS. (December 1 and 15.)

On Religious Toleration. *E. Vacandard*. The Stages of M. P. Bourget. *C. Lecigne*. The Holy Shroud of Turin. *H. Thurston*, *S. J.* Politics, the Social Question and Religious Duty. *J. Lemire*. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (December.)

The Marian Celebration of 1904. *N. Perez*. An Unpublished Letter of Father Ricci on China. *L. R.* The Holy Shroud of Turin. *H. F. Valladares*. Reviews, &c.

